THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVIII
No. 1806

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SEPT. 1
1934

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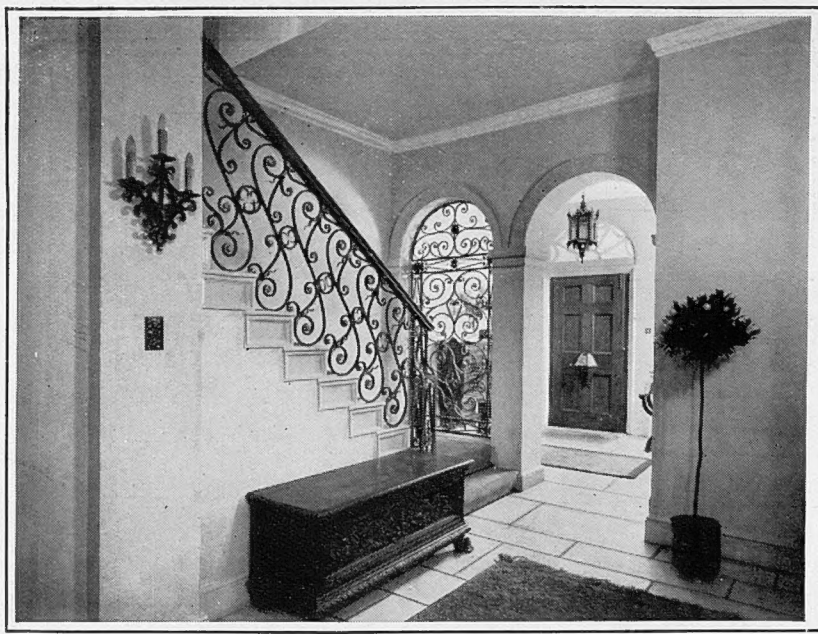

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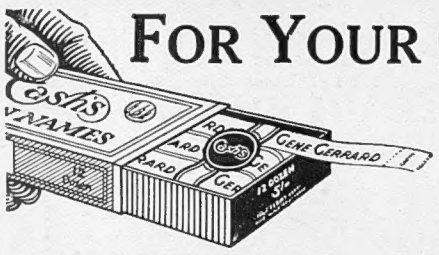

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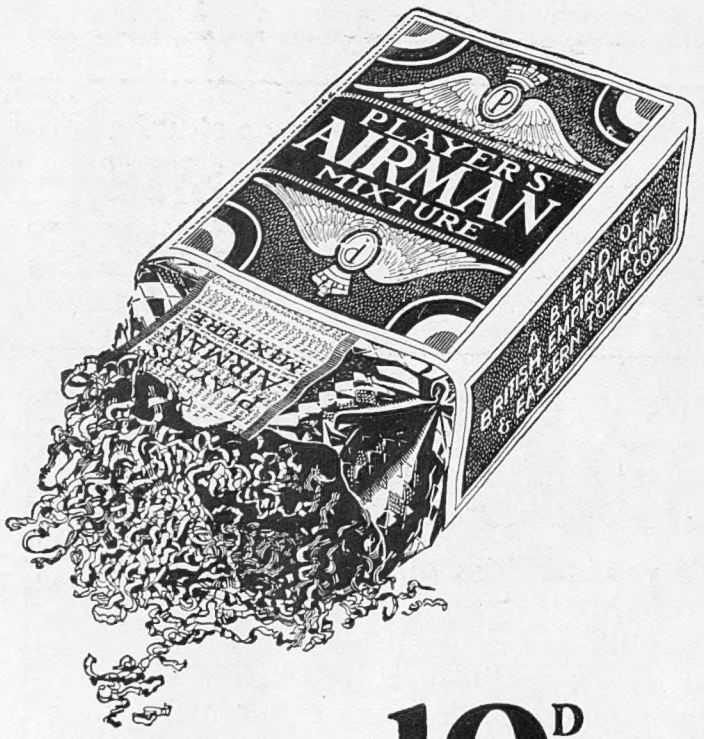

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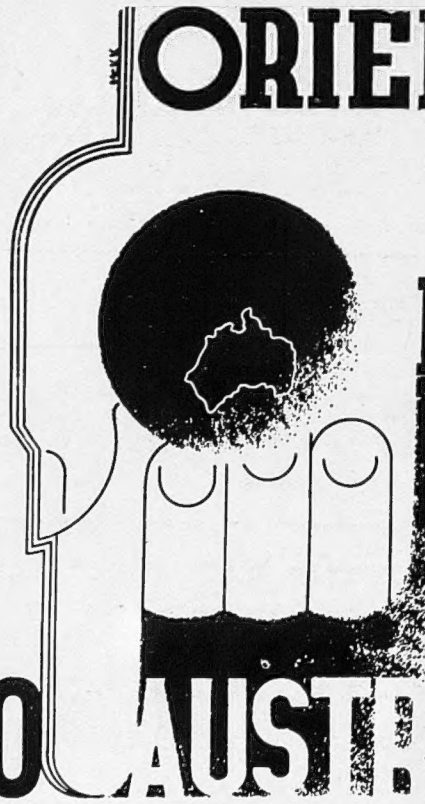

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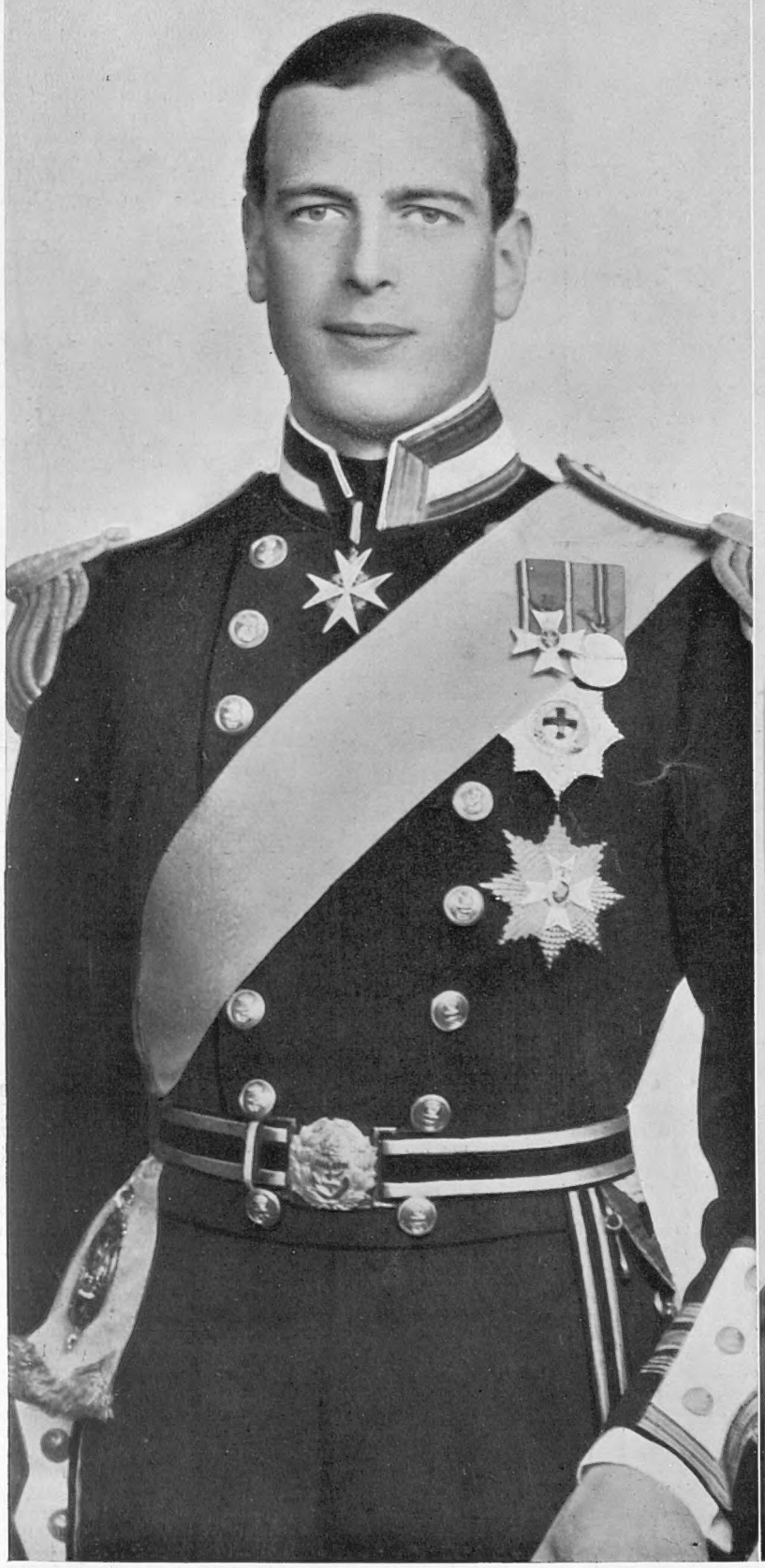
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 1, 1934



ROYAL ROMANCE

Prince George and His Fiancée, Princess Marina of Greece

During last week rumour linked the names of Prince George, the King's youngest son, and Princess Marina of Greece, but the official announcement of their betrothal was as unexpected by the general public as it was popular. The Prince and Princess have known each other well for about five years, but the engagement is really the culmination of a holiday romance — they had both been staying with Prince Paul of Yugoslavia in the Slovenian Alps. Princess Marina, who was born in Athens in 1906, is the third daughter of Prince Nicolas, brother of the late King Constantine of Greece, and Princess Nicolas, who before her marriage was the Grand Duchess Helene of Russia. The wedding, the date of which has not yet been fixed, will probably take place in Westminster Abbey

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

THE NEW GUARD: Men of the 2nd Battalion of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders taking over sentry duty at Buckingham Palace from the Scots Guards. This is the first time for a quarter of a century that this task has been carried out by a kilted regiment

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 29, 1934.

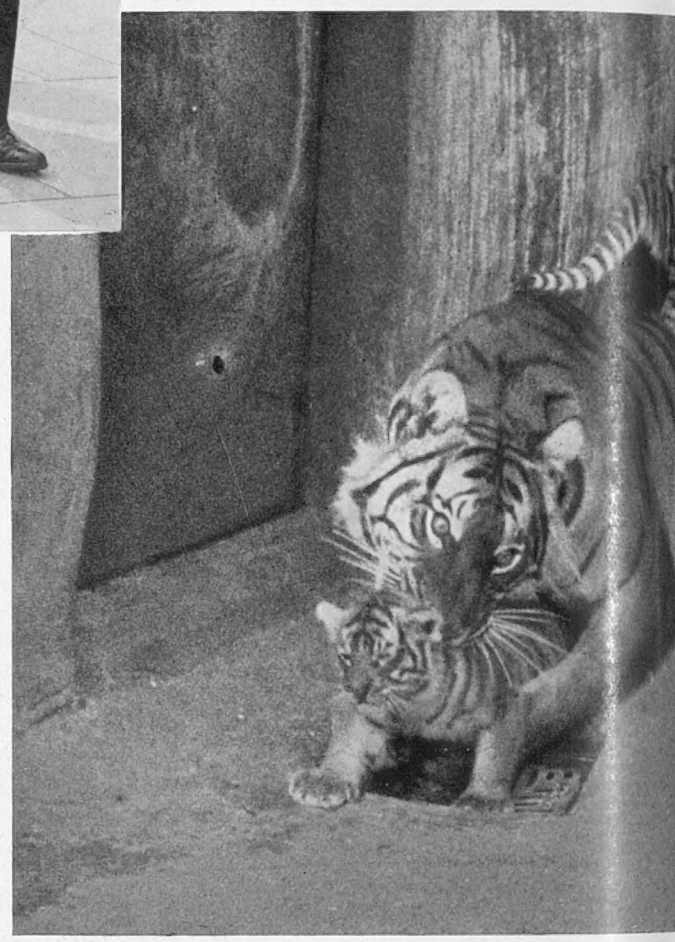
SOUTH AFRICA.—Thanks to the rise in gold and to her public men of goodwill and long sight, South Africa at this moment shares with the Mother Country the position of Empire's Show Window. So sound are budgetary conditions in that country that the Government announced last week its intention to repay to Great Britain the whole of her outstanding War debt—nearly £8,000,000, on which she has always resolutely paid interest. Her sound finances enable her to do this without borrowing. The decision is as proud and honourable for her as it is welcome to us. Concurrently with the announcement, General Smuts, speaking at the Union Congress of the S.A. Party, reaffirmed amid loud applause the very essence of the Charter of the Empire—acceptance of the King as the symbol of unity in our great comity of nations. If signs of progress and recovery are less spectacular in New Zealand, the good news from this splendidly loyal and true unit of Empire will be not less welcome to the Mother Country. There are indeed many signs that the Empire is economically and politically soundly on its legs again, and ready for the next round whatever it may have in store.

A VERY SEVERE TEST.—The Test series 1934 is over and done with, and by common consent the better side won and deserved its success. We are not strangers to the sense of repletion (even boredom) which attends the final match (whether it is vital or not). It is a reaction which quite deliberately we engineer for ourselves. We overdo these international games absurdly. The popular Press, in its anxiety to give the public what it wants, whips up the excitement to fever heat, and provides a plethora of consultants to attend the patient in the crisis of his attack. Indeed, the natural end of an English cricket captain is to beat his bat into a fountain pen, and belabour his successor with the new weapon which not seldom he grasps clumsily enough. One would say that one expert eye-witness per journal was luxury enough for the most avid reader. When it comes to three or four, the appetite is liable to "sicken and so die." Nay, even Mr. Howard Marshall, that suave and restrained eye-witness, very clearly wilted under the strain, and at long last the B.B.C. announcer revolted from the task of repeating the "final score" over twenty times in a single day and sometimes three times in five minutes. I do not forget the pleasure I got from "listening-in" to the match as it proceeded during the earlier Tests. My lack of interest in the last was the measure of my repletion, and was not due to Australia's overwhelming superiority. It is a pity that now and always, by publicity run mad, we "kill the thing we love." However, we are "relieved from further service" for a period of four years. And, like a jury after a long and hectic trial, we return thanks for this relief.

A DAY'S SHOOTING.—Lord Glamis, whose family still own the famous Wemmergill Moors, inherited from the Bowes family, announced with a challenge the huge bag of grouse made by Sir Ian Walker's party of eight guns on August 18 last. The bag was just under 1,350 brace, a stupendous total. The name of Wemmergill recalls the great days of Rimington Wilson, at Broomhead, its rival; this latest record bag sends us back to that second year of the War (1915) when many records were broken, and among others the Duke of Buccleuch's party, shooting over Langholm, ran out of cartridges after the first drive of the day and by evening attained a bag which it was thought would never be rivalled in that locality of the Border country. This Wemmergill record, examined, gives interesting statistics. It implies that each gun on an average killed about 340 birds. The best shots out grouse driving (and including various) do not do much better than one grouse in two and a half shots. That means that nearly 7,000 cartridges were fired (and carried across the moor). Furthermore, the arrangements for bringing back in panniers 2,700 grouse (and various) must have been elaborate and arduous in the extreme. If the grouse are there, they must be killed. Few sportsmen wish to kill so many in a day. The best day's grouse driving I recall was with Mr. Percy Chubb at Drynachan and was about 350 brace, although of course he was no stranger to bags of 600 brace and more. I remember that even so I was not sorry when the last drive was over. Indeed, the strain on all concerned in this stupendous day must have been immense and probably few of Sir Ian's party would wish to repeat it this year. And I doubt whether, things being what they are, they desire to accord the day too much publicity. For that gives a handle to the ignorant who love to refer to "bloated sportsmen knocking down barn-door fowls with a scatter-gun." Let one of them try it on this scale and under these conditions. In point of fact Lord Glamis' challenge can be taken up. Lord Sefton beat it at Abbeystead in 1915 and Rimington Wilson beat it twice at Broomhead. But nowadays these records are best left to the privacy of game books.

CABINET TRAINING.—Mussolini believes in the maxim "mens sana in corpore sano." Willy nilly (and too often nilly) his colleagues have been put through it pretty thoroughly at the Autumn manœuvres near Bologna, and a good many of them have parted with rather more than a pound of flesh for the privilege of place and power. Whether the experiment will result in a riper judgment, time will show. There was a distinct chill when he announced after luncheon the other day yet another route march for the Cabinet—eight-and a half miles into the Apennines. But what the Duce says, goes, and, as Ministers go, they went. But the Under-Secretary for War, who, of all, should have stuck it out best, returned ignominiously as a stretcher case. The rank and file of the army thoroughly appreciated this surprise item. In this country, Ministers are wondering whether Mr. MacDonald will catch up the idea; some of them are frankly nervous. But a majority believe hopefully that such a disciplinary measure would be more likely to result in a split than in a fit Cabinet.

BRIGHTER BRIGHTON.—The Brighton aldermen and worthies have won all along the line. The C.P.R.E., the Society of Sussex Downsmen, the East Sussex Council, and stalwarts like Lord Buxton, have been all driven off the field and a gang from Glasgow will shortly begin at a cost of £80,000 to convert a natural amphitheatre in a fold of the South Downs into a five-mile super-motor-racing track, complete with hairpin bends and other invitations to death. The Brighton authorities are naturally delighted at the success of their far-sighted policy. A place like Brighton must never stand still and it is of obvious importance to attract to that enlightened city foreign racing motorists and more and more of the public which feeds on thrills and likes to see other people killing themselves. I am of course a little sorry for the Downsmen, but I can only describe them as last ditchers. Their *Nunc dimittis* has been said long since, long before 1925 indeed, when the idea of a racing track was first mooted. The peculiarly pungent atmosphere of Brighton has long since permeated the surrounding country, and the policy of Brighton's Council harmonizes with my own very selfish policy (for I do not live near Brighton). An ever-brighter Brighton is the thing. Let us seek by all means to concentrate in that unrecognizable relic of once rural England all that is brightest and most sensation-loving in our nation, build for them not a joy-park, nor a joy cosmopolis, but a joy country, build for them (as perhaps I have said before) "a New Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land," and with the genius of Brighton's aldermen so cram and crowd that Jerusalem with thrills and sensations that the restless and exuberant population may be induced to remain there feasting on its fancy bread and circuses until every plum is eaten. If Brighton does its work well, that should help to preserve the rural amenities of less popular tracts of English country. An annual motor race through the city is an obvious attraction which should now be pressed forward again to consummation. And I could suggest a score of other thrilling attractions. But it would be merely sending coal to Newcastle. . . .



"UNTHINKING, IDLE, WILD AND YOUNG": A charming family study and her three seven-weeks-old cubs which made their first public

OUR GREATEST BOON.

—*The Daily Telegraph* found an admirable subject for a silly-season Press symposium—what is our greatest boon? Some said one thing, some another. Surgery, anæsthetics, wireless, motoring, flying, tobacco. The case for cross-word puzzles, freedom, rubber soles, and democracy, may be put forward ably in due course. It may be that pessimists will join the circle of argumentation, and that one, more daring than the rest, after hearing the reiterated glorification of those great boons to humanity the wireless, the motor car, and the aeroplane, will seriously advance the claims of one which has been hitherto forgotten—DEATH. There are moments in our daily life, in the full enjoyment of other rival boons, when the pre-eminent claim of Death is wellnigh unanswerable.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COBBETT.

—Holiday reading of the first class—for the true lover of old England—is a fair description of the newly-published *Torrington Diaries*, Vol. I (Eyre and Spottiswoode). I recommend the book heartily to all such true lovers and suggest that those whose plans are still vague, should follow Colonel Byng to the West of England, North Wales, or Sussex, pursuing the itineraries which he made and so charmingly and carefully chronicled exactly 150 years ago. Look upon this picture and on that and thrill to realize that when he made his journeys through England he believed (as we do) that the knell of the squire was ringing, that the beauties of old England were being everywhere destroyed, that trunk roads and the *last word in speed* had killed country life and rural amenities. More than this, you must thrill to realize that the very same "post-war" problems, which absorb us to-day, were menaces just as vivid to Byng in 1780: the menace of over-production, and of European war, unemployment, insane speed, and perpetual motion. As Mr. Andrews points out in his admirable preface, Mr. Priestley's commentary on Tyneside in his *English Journey* was only an echo of Byng's Jeremiad on the tragedy of congested industrial areas in the grip of over-production and its terrible consequences. There is hope for us in these diaries as well as regret for that vanished age of an Arcadia which was of course always an ideal and never a reality. The industrial revolution in truth was always beginning and has never yet run its course. The English countryside is still after 150 years suffering from its effects.

BURIED TREASURE.

—And now a word or two upon another aspect of the romance (that much-abused word) of these diaries. Byng wrote them, as most amateurs write, shyly, diffidently, but with a corner of one eye on posterity. Their reading might amuse his great-grandchildren (for whose existence he had provided handsomely; he had thirteen children); they might, one day, see the light in print. For a century and a half they lay—two dozen neat fair-copy MSS. volumes—in the library at Yotes Court in Kent. Then the other day the library was dispersed and these volumes, in odd lots of old junk, found their way to the second-hand bookstalls. Thence volumes here and there were rescued by collectors; the Bodleian got one or two, the Cardiff Public Library others. Mr. Douglas Clayton of Croydon bought an odd volume, and showed it to Mr. Radford of Hampstead and they encouraged Mr. Bruyn Andrews to "reassemble the lot," a task for Hercules which he yet accomplished. And now at last we have them (as their author would have had it be in his rosiest dreams) printed and admirably edited with a general introduction by an acknowledged *compère* of lost and found MSS., Mr. Beresford. John Byng was second son of the 3rd, and brother of the 4th, Viscount Torrington. He succeeded as 5th Viscount just before his death. He was a soldier, a student-in-arms (not so rare in the eighteenth century), and he retired as a Lieut.-Colonel of the Guards to take up a Civil Service appointment in the "Stamps Department." These diaries recorded his annual holidays—and what holidays they were—horseback across an England unimaginably green and solitary, with a volume of Shakespeare in one pocket and a notebook in t'other, a pair of eyes to see, of ears to hear, of legs to walk, and of hands to paint and record. Holidays which are Byng's legacy to those in a remote posterity who might share his love of English country and his scholarly, contemplative tastes.

DARKEST AMERICA.

—America's new Enemy No. 1 is a brainier man than Dillinger. He is of the Moriarty breed and if anyone could do so, he should tempt Sherlock Holmes from his Sussex bee-farm, to clear up the £80,000 coup. A little paragraph in last week's Press showed me again how hopeless it is for an Englishman to comprehend the American gangster problem. "Steps have been taken to prevent the indiscriminate use of machine-guns. A Government decree provides that any person possessing such a weapon after next month must register it." Just reflect. For years gangsters have murdered and run riot with "machine-guns." And now comes this polite little by-law framed apparently rather with an eye on exchequer revenue than on the prevention of murder. It is officially assumed that the ordinary citizen may need a couple of machine-guns in his gun-room or hall, but henceforth he must register them. Is government in America nothing more than a branch of an antiquated Hollywood studio?

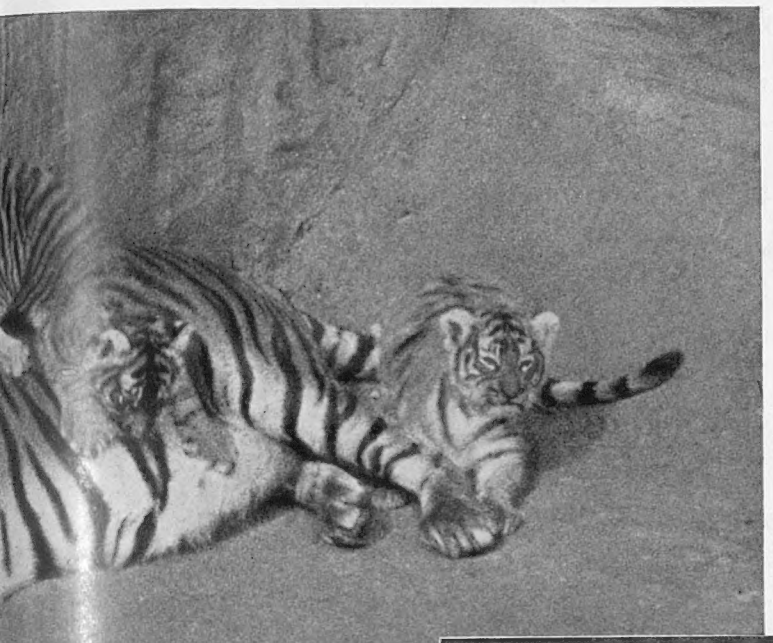
MURDER OF INNOCENTS.

—"Swot that wasp" is a slogan old as slogans. I swotted her. I have swotted her wholeheartedly as a crusader swotted the infidel for years. I swot her in her queenly progress to my cotoneaster in spring, and I gas and dig out her family in summer and give her nurseries to my hens. My record in a small garden is not to be named with grouse records at Abbeystead or Wemmergill, but I have killed over thirty queens and destroyed twenty nests in a single season. And now it turns out that I am a myopic murderer of innocents. The wasp is the farmer's friend; it has a heart as warm as its tail; it destroys in its active life as many pests (guaranteed pests) as there are minutes in its life. It positively benefits your plum trees, adds a healthy zest to tea-time in the garden, and probably does you more good than harm when it stings you. The chemist holds my signature against delivery of enough poison to destroy a small nation and all I have to show for it is the death of thousands of a gardener's best friends. What is Truth?

PLAYWRITING MADE EASY.

—Mr. Shaw, most successful of playwrights, lately held out the hand of fellowship to his struggling brotherhood and gave away the secret of his methods, the recipe of genius-cum-dividends. "You know my methods, Watson?" "I confess, Holmes, I do not," "Then I will give you a clue, if you will hand me that tobacco pouch in the Burmese slipper. You should study operas and symphonies. If you want to produce anything in the way of great poetic drama, you have to take a theme, as Beethoven did in his symphonies, and keep hammering at the one theme. Reach me my violin. I depend entirely on inspiration. A play grows in my mind and I put it on paper. I do not know how or why. When I see an early play of my own, it looks as if I had elaborately constructed it. All the results of perfect construction are achieved in that way, but I do not mean that everyone can do it. Do I make my meaning clear?" "Holmes," I said, "it is simplicity itself." "Elementary, Watson, elementary—now, if you care to put on your boots, we will look in at the Queen's Hall where we should be in time for the final movement of the Fifth Symphony."

THE OLD STAGER.

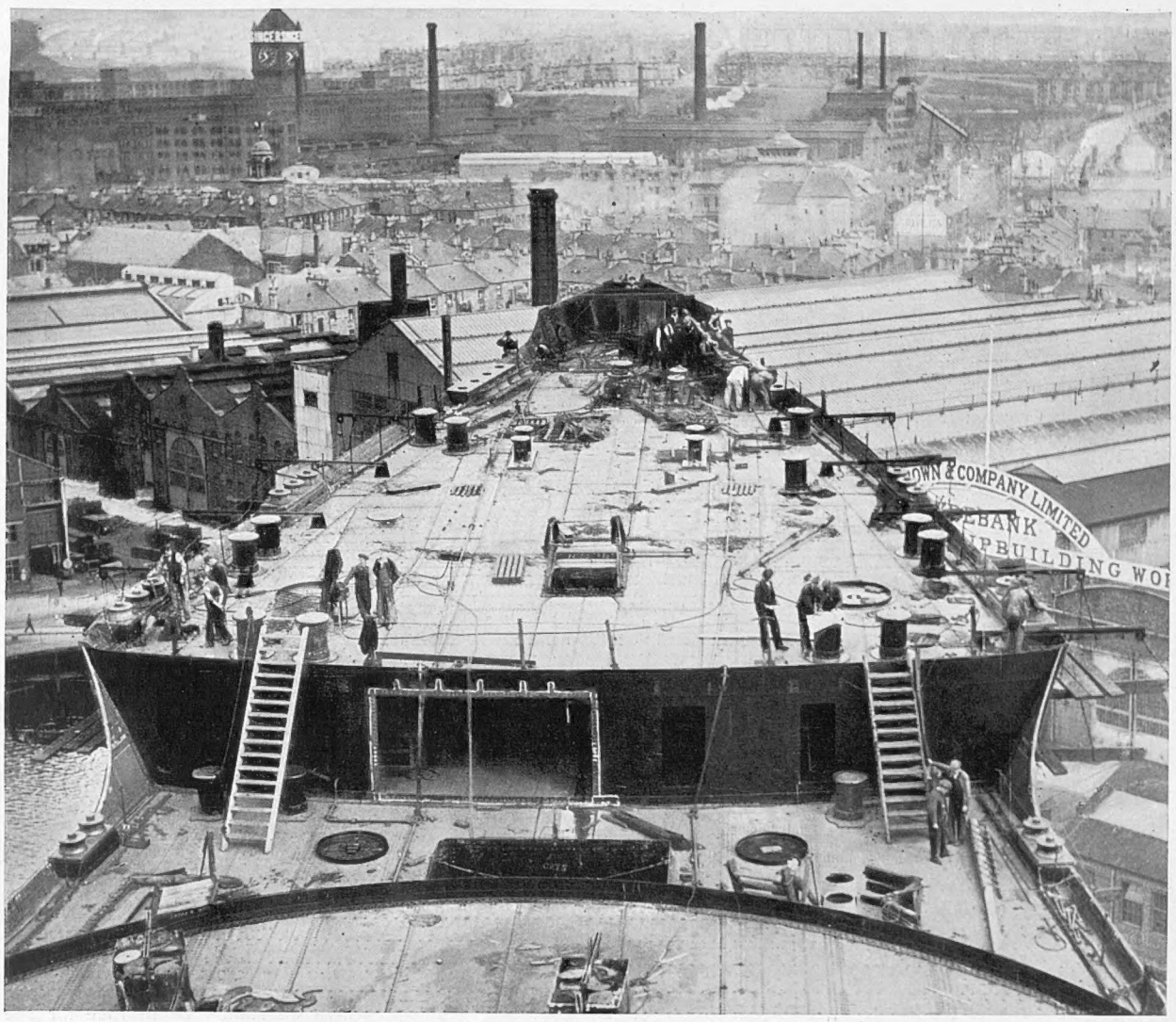


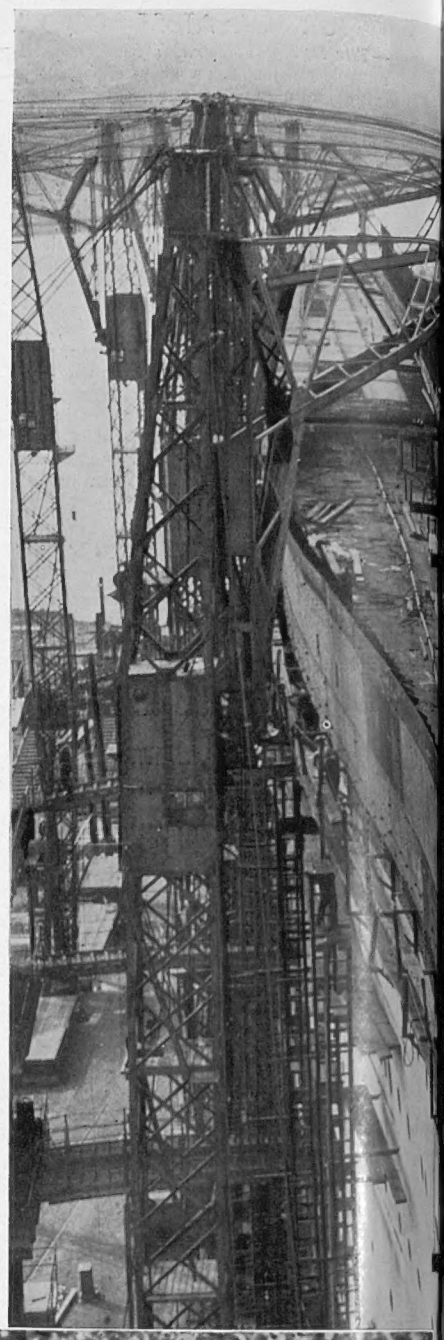
at the Whipsnade open air zoo of a tiger appearance in the "pit" a few days ago

BRITAIN'S ROYAL AMBASSADOR: The King and his third son, the Duke of Gloucester, driving from Balmoral to attend divine service at Crathie Church, Aberdeenshire. On Wednesday, September 5, the Duke leaves for Australia where he is to be present at the Melbourne Centenary Celebrations

THE PROGRESS OF No. 534

And Other News of the Week





DWARFING CLYDESIDE: A remarkable picture of the giant Cunarder, No. 534, dominating the houses and factories of industrial Glasgow. She is now almost ready for the launching ceremony, which will be conducted by the Queen on September 26. It is reported that she will be commanded by Captain R. B. Irving of the *Aquitania*

JA, JA, JA, JA, JA! Herr Hitler making his way through dense crowds at the demonstration near Coblenz at which he started his campaign for the return of the Saar to Germany. Over 150,000 people, who were brought to the gathering from the Saarland by special trains, cheered the Chancellor enthusiastically when he assured them that "in January the doors would be wide open for all of them as long as they confessed to be true Germans"

TOWERING ABOVE THE NARROW RIVER LIKE A COLOSSUS: Another view which gives an excellent idea of the vast bulk of No. 534. When finally completed she will be at least 70,000 tons gross, and it appears that she will be slightly smaller, but faster, than the new French liner *Normandie*. It is quite possible that she will bring back to Britain the Atlantic speed record

AN INGENIOUS CRAFT: Herr Rudolf Brumner (third from left) with the balloon in which he recently made a successful experimental flight near Berlin. It is actuated by hot air, a flame heating the interior of the envelope and thereby causing it to rise

DEFIANCE: Opponents of Chancellor Hitler, who are determined that the Saar shall not be returned to Germany, have been courageous enough to open a shop in Saarbrücken where they are carrying on anti-Nazi propaganda. They have many supporters

IRELAND'S IDEALIST:

AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-FIVE: A striking portrait of Mr. De Valera as he was in 1917, the year in which he was elected M.P. for East Clare

"When I say that we are bound for a Republic, I mean a Republic for all Ireland, not merely for the Twenty-Six Counties. The Irish people have never assented to partition. Complete independence for the whole country is their aim, and nothing less will solve the problems created by British policy."

I looked across at Mr. De Valera as he stood at his desk in his room at the Dail. He was striking my questionnaire with a pencil, every few words, as he spoke.

So—as long as this man remained the force in Dublin, there could be no hope of a Commonwealth link, of a United Ireland within the comity of British peoples! That was what it had come to! That was the position despite what people said—namely, that the President of the Executive Council of the Free State was merely following the time-honoured policy of holding out for the big thing in order to be in a position to accept the lesser!

WAS Mr. De Valera so "holding out"? Or did he mean, categorically and finally, what he now said?

Was it really farewell to England?

I cited my own case, and that of half-a-million other Irish-born residents of the United Kingdom. We became quite close-up about things, even faintly argumentative.

AT A STATE FUNCTION: One of the rare occasions on which Mr. and Mrs. De Valera have been photographed together

An All-Ireland Republic—that or nothing. Could it ever be realizable? Under any conceivable Northern turn of events, or of majority willingness there? Would not the Farmers and the Blue-shirts and the United Ireland Party write *finis* to Mr. De Valera's sundering plan and policy long before it could ever be put, even unworkably, into practice?

Such wonderings were uppermost as I looked straight at the schoolmasterish dictator confronting me in the sound-proof, decorative, book-lined room, big and oval, and with concealed lighting. Outside, beyond the double doors, waited patiently a whole string of adherents. Six of them had come all the way from Australia to shake the President's hand. Well, they would have to wait; that was all there was to it.

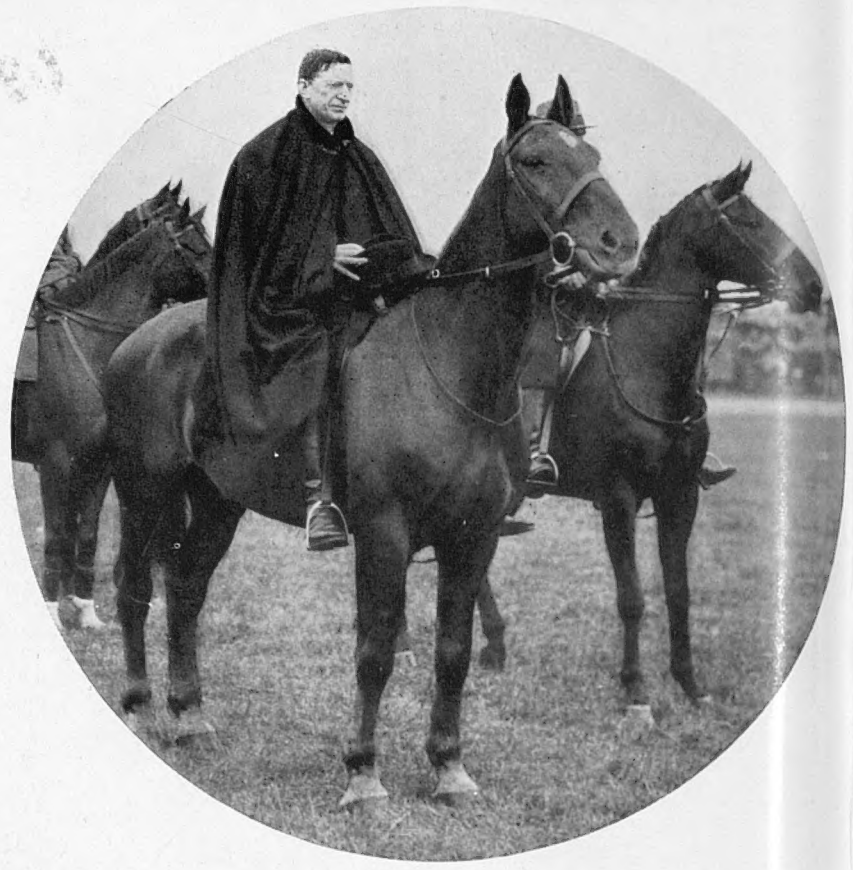
PEOPLE had told me, as I journeyed round Ireland, "Don't worry yourself—the President will see you!" Some referred to the head of the Free State Executive as "Dev"; in fact, that is the way the bulk of the Twenty-Six Counties refers to the aloof chieftain of the day.

But I was not so certain concerning the possibilities of an interview. There was the fact that Mr. De Valera had agreed to see intimately but a solitary journalist hailing from Britain since he had launched, or had been launched, into the economic war with this country over two years ago. The President does not cultivate such interviews for two reasons. He fears lest the interviewer may colour the remarks made, to the extent that they bear a different interpretation or shading when they reach the people on this side of the Irish Sea; and he doesn't believe in talking, anyway—except to his constituents in Co. Clare. That is where—at Ennis—he likes to say what he has to say. Otherwise: acts. Even at Ennis, or elsewhere in Ireland, it is usually of the domestic and economic position of the country that he treats. No, I was not hopeful when I reached Dublin. There was the additional factor that I had written articles in the past, hoping for an All-Ireland Dominion one day. And, as if to crown matters, the Government was rushing Bills through the Dail in the ultimate hours of what had been a six months' Session; were rushing them through, it was whispered abroad, so that the measures in question should experience a minimum of discussion and opposition in a country as good as denuded of a newspaper press owing to the long-drawn-out strike. Some of these Bills were revolutionary in character—as that one controlling every individual head of cattle; or the other laying down what human beings and pigs should and should not eat. Mr. De Valera meant to see them all go through, and the Dail, Government Buildings, and especially the President's office, were in varying states of activity bordering on excitement.

I was not hopeful. Yet events, private and other, were to work favourably. Let me refer briefly to those "other" events—

RUMOURS that the De Valera Government is stumbling badly financially (to put it mildly); that such a coalition is forming against it as will produce a dramatic show-down this side of the New Year; that one way or another, the existing Administration is envisaging having to moderate its separatist attitude to King, United Kingdom and Commonwealth . . . such rumours have been circulating pretty thickly. A young farmer is shot and we are told that the South will rise. Or else it is General O'Duffy who, at the head of his proclaimed 120,000 adherents, will soon rule the country. These and kindred rumours have circulated, in part, through the phenomenon of a newspaper-less Dublin. Mr. De Valera now desired to correct matters with rectifying observations of his own.

The interview-method resorted to by the President is the same as that commonly in vogue through Europe with dictators of to-day. The scrivener has to prepare a questionnaire and this is forwarded a day or two previous to the meeting. My questionnaire must have been on the comprehensive side inasmuch as it was cut down from seventeen to ten items before it got to Mr. De Valera at all. Some of these questions "the President may not care to discuss" or "might not think it opportune to raise at the present time." One or two matters were crossed out frankly because Mr. De Valera might not apparently even have liked to have seen them in type. I do not favour the questionnaire system—few international scriveners do—it being too rigid and calculated to restrain the interviewed one from opening out and saying what is in his mind; and so it was with special pleasure that I heard an official say: "Probably the President will tear your show up and have a heart-to-heart talk. If he quickens to things, he is apt to do that."



IN PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN: The President, clad in his usual sombre attire, reviewing the Irish Free State Army

Well, that is what happened—the heart-to-heart part of it.

Mr. De Valera, whatever opinions one may hold as to the wisdom or legality of what he is attempting, is an obviously disinterested and sincere person to meet. There is no "side" whatever. I think of other dictators who receive you with their backs turned, and keep so for whole minutes, pretending to be occupied; also of the thirty metres approach to the Presence, that your puny knees may audibly knock as you draw nearer. This Irish dictator (which he of course very much is) rises, comes round his desk, gives you a hearty handshake, and asks you to be seated in an armchair. And then it is right ahead in businesslike fashion,

A DRAMA

The Stormy Petrel

Mr. De Valera was born in New York in 1882, his father being Spanish and his mother Irish. He was taken to Ireland when still a boy, and as a young man became an ardent Republican and engaged himself enthusiastically in political and semi-revolutionary activities. After the rebellion in 1916 he was imprisoned and sentenced to death, but in 1917 was released. He was again imprisoned in 1918, and for a third

Eamon De Valera, the American-born President of the Irish Free State, Discusses His Plans for a Republic and for the Attainment of National Unity, with

FERDINAND TUOHY

THE HARPIST OF MAYNOOTH: Old John Flood, one of the last of Ireland's travelling musicians. He was a great friend of the late Duke of Leinster

with no sound percolating the heavily carpeted study, nor a speck of interruption from 8.30 to 9.30 p.m. He obviously wants England to "get him right"; he desires an ending to rumours and, especially, to false hopes. He wants to be friends—*de sa façon*, as the line in *Madelon* used to run. He is prepared to be patient, meanwhile. He feels the force of a considerable majority of the Irish people behind him—and I must say that my reading, on a comprehensive tour of three-quarters of the country, is that he still retains this support, notably so. This man is the best natural leader, by a long way, since Parnell who also did the aloofness business. Far and wide, the belief is that "Dev" is not only dead straight but working for the eventual good of Ireland. It is no use begetting false impressions in Britain. The Irish are different, very different. They do not all think of material well-being. The spiritual is so very strong still in Ireland. . . .

But to come down to brass tacks. Mr. De Valera thought: supposing he were to make a declaration, clear and plain-spoken, on the principal issues raised in the questionnaire?

He did this, beginning with the solemn statement figuring at the outset.

A TOUR OF THE TOWER OF LONDON: Mr. De Valera being shown round during his visit to England in 1932

"We have no intention," he went on, "of using force to bring the Six Counties into a United Ireland. Force would, in fact, defeat our purpose which is to achieve moral as well as political unity. But, while we rely on the attractions of a common nationhood and of the economic prosperity which we hope to attain in the Free State as unifying forces, we do not propose in any way to admit the right of a minority to remain cut off from the nation.

"Even in the Six Counties, at least one-third of the people are in favour of national unity and independence. In Ireland as a whole, a free referendum vote would probably show a majority of two to one for separation from England, and in the Free State area the majority would perhaps be three to one. ***There is no doubt of the people's will: they are resolved to secure the same freedom that other nations have.*** If the English would only recognize that, and frankly admit that we are within our rights in insisting on independence, then there would be nothing to prevent a friendly agreement between the two countries which would safeguard the legitimate interests and the security of both. ***We on our part would be ready to guarantee to use our entire strength to frustrate any attempt to use our territory as a base of attack upon Great Britain.*** Such a guarantee would be a far more effective safeguard than, for example, the retention of Irish ports against the will of the Irish people."

One of my questions read, "What is your view of the future relations between Ireland and Great Britain?"

To this Mr. De Valera replied, "Given a perfectly free choice, I believe that our people would be willing to ***enter into a special relation with the States of the British Commonwealth in what I may describe as a smaller League of Nations.*** The Covenant of that League would pledge the members to co-operation on matters of agreed common concern. That is a sort of association Ireland might readily agree to without detriment to her sovereign independence. ***But there can be no question of our acceptance of the British Crown.***"

REFERRING to the financial dispute, the President was equally precise:

"We can never agree to bring this or any other disputed matters before a Commonwealth Court. The issues are between two different national sovereignties and must be negotiated as such."

"Have you considered the effect of the declaration of a Republic on Irish-born residents of Great Britain?" was, as I have indicated, another capital question.

"I should greatly regret any hardship that might come to them," came answer, "but the prospect of victimization seems to me to be greatly exaggerated. There are about half-a-million Irish-born persons residing in Great Britain, and the view here is that the British Government could not render aliens such of these as entered the country prior to the 1921 Treaty. Those who entered since might be affected. In any event, we have no intention of regarding Irish exiles as hostages to ensure our forgoing our right to independence, and I feel sure that they do not desire to be so regarded."

Next, there arose the matter of the reports that a financial and economic breakdown was imminent in the Free State.

"I have heard these fairy tales," emphasized Mr. De Valera. "You can see for yourself how false they are. You have been around the country—did it look down and out? It is largely a case of the wish being father to the thought. In reality, very few countries enjoy as strong a position as the Free State. We have £180,000,000 or £200,000,000 invested abroad. Our bank deposits amount to £120,000,000 as compared with about £45,000,000 lent by the banks to customers in the Free State. New industries are continually springing up all over the country. We have had to pass special Acts of Parliament to limit the influx of foreign capital. That does not look very like insolvency!"

Finally, I asked whether the influence of the Blueshirts was increasing?

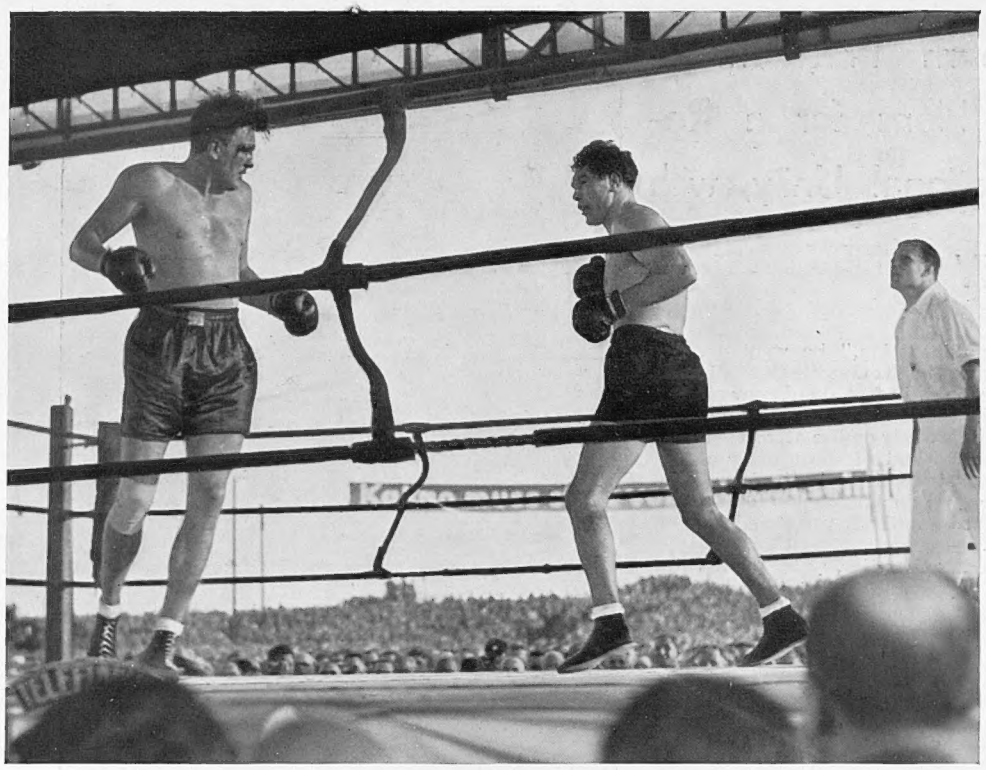
"No," said the President. "On the contrary it is declining steadily. Their crushing defeat at the recent local elections shows that the people are alive to the dangers of that form of organization."

ADDRESSING HIS SUPPORTERS AT AN OPEN-AIR MEETING: The President is a fine speaker and even those who disagree with his views recognize his sincerity

TIC CAREER

of Irish Politics

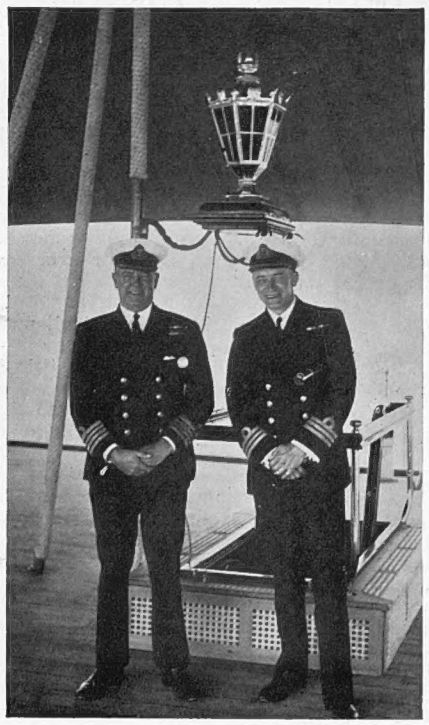
time in 1923 after taking part in the civil war. Gradually, however, his party gained in strength until in 1932 it obtained a majority in the Dail, and he was elected President of the Executive Council in succession to Mr. Cosgrave. He at once began working for the complete autonomy of the Free State, abolishing the oath of allegiance to the British crown, and refusing payment of the land annuities due to England.



GERMANY'S STAR HEAVYWEIGHTS IN ACTION: Walter Neusel (left) and Max Schmelling during their fight at the Locksted Stadium, Hamburg, before a crowd of 80,000 people. Neusel gave up at the beginning of the ninth round after receiving tremendous punishment and a severe injury to his eye. The winner will probably challenge Max Baer for the world title, while the loser may be matched against Jack Petersen

AMERICA'S BRIDGE ACES: Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson who have arrived in London to play against a British team for the Schwab Trophy

SIR OFORI ATTA, paramount chief of the Gold Coast, leaving the 'plane at Abridge Aerodrome, Essex, in which he had just been taken up for his first flight



AUSTRALIA BOUND: *Left*—Lord and Lady Milne and their daughter at St. Pancras Station before leaving London for Melbourne, where they are to attend the forthcoming centenary celebrations. *Right*—Captain S. S. Bonham-Carter and Commander G. E. Creasy of H.M.S. *Sussex*. This cruiser, in which the Duke of Gloucester is to travel from Marseilles to Melbourne, left England on Friday of last week and on Tuesday took part in a dramatic dash to assist a Spanish vessel in difficulties near Cape St. Vincent

TUNNY FISHING

Fair and Foul Methods of Capture

THE TUNNY fishing season is again with us. Pictures of proud fishermen standing on the quayside with their prize slung from some hefty crane, are again becoming familiar items of pictorial news. The discrepancy between the size and weight of the captor and the captured led, last season, to many rumours as to how these giant fish were actually caught. Were they run down by motor craft and stunned with a blow on the head? Were they shot from pursuing craft and then gaffed by hefty seamen? Or were they given poisoned bait? All these erroneous, or semi-erroneous, stories gained a certain currency owing to the fact that one rarely if ever saw the-moment-of-capture pictures.

What really happens, 60 or 70, or even 100 miles from shore, has since been made clear to us in a most entertaining volume by Mr. L. Mitchell-Henry, who is himself a great and skilful hunter of big fish. The book is published by Rich and Cowan, Ltd., and reference has already been made to it briefly in a literary supplement to THE SPHERE. Now that the tunny is again disporting himself off the eastern shores of Britain it is of interest to study closely what Mr. Mitchell-Henry has to say. That there were grounds for suspicion as to modes of capture is fully borne out in his chapter on the lessons of the 1933 season. The use of motor craft and large yachts and trawlers and depot ships contributed to a state of affairs which he much regrets. The author also traces the recent discovery of the tunny off the Norwegian and Danish coasts, and later off the Dogger Bank, and at points some 60 miles from the eastern coast of England. These great fish evidently regularly follow the fishing fleets and feed off the trawled fish, and some of the easy captures, Mr. Mitchell-Henry thinks, must be due to the monsters being gorged with too ample meals.

TUNNY are also discovered in the wake of a ship, the foaming waters behind the propellers being a very likely spot for the seizure of bait. In another chapter Mr. Mitchell-Henry describes what he considers to be the most sporting method of fishing for tunny. You should go out in some vessel capable of carrying your row boat to the scene of action. Arrived there, you should carefully assume your leather harness and get your rod, line, and bait in order, and take your position in the swivel chair of your boat. The seaman works the pair of oars as required, and has at his hand the steel gaff for finally securing, if possible, your desired prey. You attach a herring to a massive-looking hook, to which 20 ft. of wire is attached, and then your line. You should not throw overboard your bait until you are fully in position. The bait may be seized immediately, and your rod, reel, and possibly yourself might go over the side. But all being well your bait is properly taken, and then the tussle begins.

To get your tunny alongside ready for gaffing may take you two or three hours. Then only are you allowed any assistance. The boatman helps you to gaff your trophy and get him into the boat. You should not allow your prey to swallow the bait, but he should be properly hooked on the jaw, and no willing hands are to be allowed to haul upon the line if you are to be pronounced the unaided captor.

A Terrible Come-Down

Lines in scandalized acknowledgment of the fact that two tunnies, one weighing 812 lbs., were caught by the skipper of a Whitby motor fishing-boat on hand-lines.

Oh, shame on Whitby's ancient port, and shame upon the skipper
Who treats a tunny pretty much as though it were a kipper!
He put a common hand-line out, the undistinguished bounder—
The sort of tool one uses for a codling, plaice, or flounder!

There was no peer aboard the boat that tried that ruse infernal—
They could not even rise to one complete lieutenant-colonel!
A simple skipper and his men, they did the deed unaided
With tackle that the better sort would not have used as they did.

They had no belt, they had no rod to flourish round and swish with;
They had no sort of reel to play the poor fatheaded fish with;
And yet they hauled two tunnies forth, and one an awful whopper,
By methods any sahib would have known were most improper.

Stands Whitby where it did, gadzooks? Are tunnies what we fancied?
Ah, no—when caught like this I fear their fame grows rather rancid.
But what about the sporting code? Aye, there the worst of shocks is—
A tunny on a hand-line, sir, is worse than shooting foxes!

LUCIO.

The SEA'S BIG GAME

A GIANT OF THE DEPTHS: A 550-lb. tunny which was caught in the nets of a Dutch drifter and landed at Scarborough last week. It put up a big fight and did considerable damage

4 CWT. OF UGLINESS: A monster black sea bass caught near Catalina Island, California. It provided its captor (not the little girl on the right) with a thrilling fifty-five minute tussle

A SUCCESSFUL DAY'S SPORT: Miss Dorothy Hardy, the daughter of the secretary of the British Tunny Club, with two sharks which she helped to capture during an expedition off the Yorkshire coast in the tunny boat *Prospecta*

LESSER ATLANTIC TUNNY: Loading the catch on to a lorry in a Breton village for dispatch to the market. These fish are greatly esteemed on the Continent, and are eaten either fresh or preserved in oil

b

THE GATEWAY TO COMMUNISM: Where the Berlin-Moscow express enters Soviet territory

RUSSIA'S STEP-CHILDREN

Why the Exiles of 1917 are Returning to their Native Land

BY H. J. GREENWALL

WE WERE SITTING in the Petits Champs in Constantinople watching an excellent performance of the ballet *Coppelia*. The Turks had defeated the Greeks and had taken Smyrna; we had nearly restarted a war with the Turks over Chanak. History was being swift in the making. The Red Army had defeated Wrangel in the Crimea, the last stronghold of the Whites had overflowed into Constantinople.

"Marvellous people, these Russians," I remarked to my companion, a British Army doctor. "How quickly they recover from disaster; I suppose these people formed a small theatrical company when they had to run?"

"Marvellous people you think? H'm, I wonder. I knew this crowd when I was with Wrangel's Army. They're not professional dancers, any of them; the men are all officers, the women are their wives: they painted the scenery and made the dresses themselves; clever, of course, but the men . . . difficult, very difficult."

You see, it all rather depends on your own point of view. The *trek* of the Israelites out of Egypt, the flight of the French *emigrés* to England; spectacular departures both of them, but the flight of the Russians in 1917 was the most sensational of them all.

Since I sat that evening in the Constantinople cabaret circumstances have brought me into touch with Russian refugees in all parts of the world. To hear their own stories one would imagine that every Russian male refugee was a prince, and every woman a countess in her own right, at least. That is all nonsense, of course. There were princes and princesses, too, just as there were countesses and other ladies of rank and station, but the majority, the very big majority, of the Russian refugees belonged to the white-collared section of Russian social life, and in 1917 it was a case of the no-collar against the white collar.

NOT ALL the ladies and gentlemen of high station managed to leave Russia. Tragic as the lot may have been of those who escaped, the lives of those who stayed were in my opinion far worse. All foreigners who go to Moscow or Petrograd to study conditions are expected to apply to the Cultural Relations Committee for the services of a guide and translator. The fee is 20 roubles a day; the committee splits the fee with the guide. The guide has no other means of livelihood, and all the guides, without exception, men or women, are members of the former white-collar stratum of Russian social life.

They speak several European languages absolutely fluently, because when they were children their families employed foreign governesses to teach them languages; they have knowledge of culture, literature, and painting; all they can do with it to-day is to sell that knowledge for an occasional 10 roubles, watched closely by the Moscow Foreign Office.

A woman who was sent to me by the Committee to translate the Russian newspapers for me in Moscow said to me one morning: "I wonder if ever I shall smell French perfume again?" We talked for a while about conditions. She said: "If only those ex-officers in Paris would keep quiet; they go to banquets and make speeches about freeing Russia but those of us in Russia have to suffer for those speeches; the police act immediately, searching our homes, directly after some old general in Paris makes a speech."

COMING down to the other edge of the refugee class for a moment, I recall a remarkable statement made to me by a young steward in a Russian ship when I was sailing one day from Odessa to Constantinople. He spoke excellent French, and I asked him where he had learned it. He said in Paris. I looked at him and realized he was far too young to have left Russia in 1917. I questioned him. He had been working in a motor factory on the outskirts of Paris. He had returned to Russia to see his old parents. "Why don't you go abroad again?" I asked him. He said "they" had told the parents and himself that as long as he remained in Russia the parents would be safe. "But," I pointed out, "you could leave this ship in Constantinople or Alexandria." He looked pityingly at me. "*Et mes parents?*" he queried.

Now compare the lot of the white-collar class which remained behind with the lot of the majority which went away from Russia. The exodus departed by two main routes; one which led via Constantinople, and the other via Siberia to Harbin. Cabarets and restaurants formed the goals of those who travelled by either route. Harbin until a couple of years ago, was like Klondyke must have been during the days of the Gold Rush. It was the last of the frontier towns in a temperate zone. It was hectic and gay to the *n*-th degree.

But from Harbin the stream spread southwards. Even to-day one finds an occasional Russian restaurant in Mukden and Dairen. The stream of refugees spread onwards; it flowed into Shanghai, and to-day this New York of Asia is still crammed full of Russians. Many members of the Police Force are Russians, just as there is a large force of Russians under Japanese control in Manchuria, waiting for a war between Japan and Russia. The "dance-hostesses" in Shanghai are nearly all Russians, and they are not unhappy.

A friend of mine on the staff of the International Labour Bureau in Geneva, who had been attached to Wrangel's Army was sent by the Bureau to the Argentine to look after a scheme to settle Russian refugees on the land. He came back and when I met him said, "We gave them money to settle on the land, but every Russian who landed in the Argentine tried to open a night-club in Buenos Aires."

Any globe-trotter will tell the same story of the Russian refugees; I myself have seen them in Havana, and I have seen them in San Francisco, always opening restaurants or cabarets. Now all that is coming to an end. After seventeen years of gaiety, music, and champagne, the step-children of Red Russia have been brought up against real life with a sharp jerk.

Go where you will and you will find the Russian night-clubs closed, all except Shanghai, and a few months ago I saw dozens still open. Harbin is no longer the "wide open" city it was. Paris is not Gay Paree to-day, it is only the cheap Russian restaurants, mostly catering for the Russians themselves, that can stay open. London was never a great place for the Russian refugee cabarets, and neither was New York; Berlin and Vienna, like Paris, now know only the cheaper Russian restaurant. What is going to happen therefore to the Russian grasshoppers who sang through the summers of the fat years, and who are now faced with the winters of the lean years?

ALL COUNTRIES who have harboured white Russians are faced with the problem—what to do with them; can they go home, and if they can, do they desire to do so? In the Russian colony in Paris, which for seventeen years has been the centre of all Russian intrigue, there are rumours these days of a political amnesty to be made public very shortly and which will allow the step-children to go back to Russia.

I understand that the French Government itself has been pressing the Government of Moscow to agree to such a measure. France has two sound reasons for desiring the early departure of as many of her numerous Russians as possible. Firstly there is the economic reason. France has always been the Mecca for all political refugees, but the Russian Revolution made her the Alsatia of all those seeking work; by no means all the men and women who came to France worked in night-clubs and restaurants. Hundreds and hundreds of former engineers discarded their white collars and took jobs in factories. In Lyons at present there are hundreds, and hundreds more in the Paris factories. In the fat years that did not matter, the population of France was too small to provide manual labour. Now that the lean years are here the population is too big for the restricted market. And there is trouble with foreign labourers.

Recently the Polish miners in the north of France caused trouble, and hundreds are being deported. Thousands of Arabs once employed in France are out of work, and are to be sent back to Morocco. What about the Russians? They are next on the list. Russia and France have been flirting towards an alliance once again. France says: make a generous gesture, come into the League of Nations, say the exiles may return. Russia says, we may do that, but what about putting an end to the anti-Russian intrigue in Paris; will you close down that ridiculous Georgian Consulate in your capital? France said she would; and did.

BY RIDDING ITSELF OF the old Russian officers who plotted in Paris, Moscow would score not only a victory, but the Russian Government would be free from a source of perpetual trouble. It is natural for the French to say that they cannot turn refugees out of the country unless they have some place to go, and what is more reasonable than that they should return to Russia?

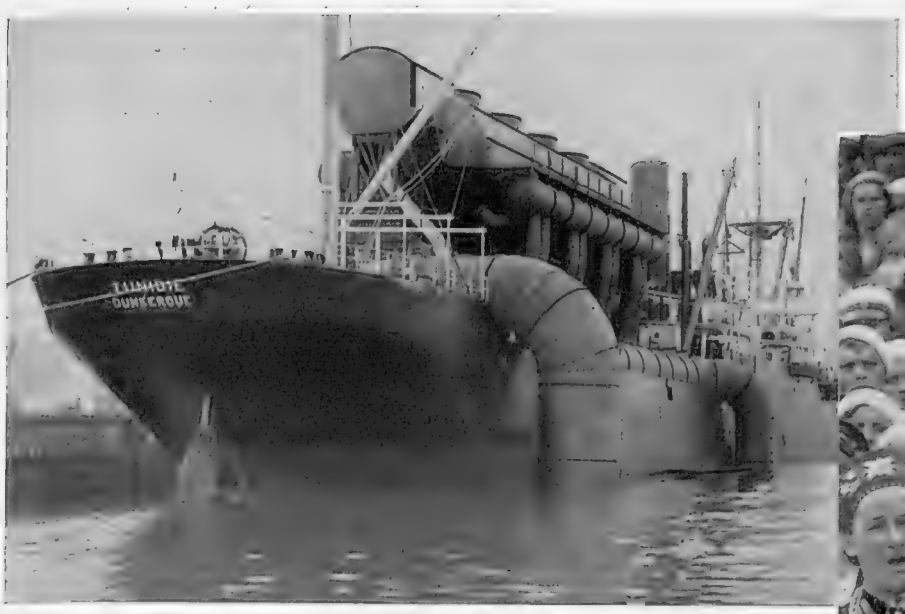
The cabarets have closed, the night-clubs no longer sell champagne at £3 a bottle; the grasshoppers are trying to turn into ants. The seventeen fat years are over. What will the Russian refugees do; will they shrug their shoulders, murmur *nitchevo*, and go home? They will. *They are.*

Look in at any Russian Consulate to-day, and you will find scores of Russians filling up application forms for going home. And after all, you know, it is not surprising. Scratch a Russian and you do not always find a Tartar, more often a Russian.

One night in the summer of 1926 I sat in the Hermitage in Moscow talking to Countess Tolstoy. She lived with her mother; their little flat had been raided by police three nights in one week. The countess puffed her cigarette reflectively. "If they are not careful," she said, "they will destroy *our Russia*."

France—Germany—Estonia—Italy

A European Survey



A FLOATING FACTORY: The cargo vessel, *Tunisie*, which Professor Georges Claude has fitted with ice-making apparatus, and which will shortly leave Dunkirk for the tropics. The two great funnels, shown in this picture, bring up water from a depth of 300 fathoms

LISTENING TO THE LEADER: Employees of Messrs. Blohm and Voss, the famous shipbuilding firm, who assembled round one of the loud-speakers to hear the broadcast address made by Herr Hitler at Hamburg prior to the plebiscite which was held to confirm him in his new office as President. The Chancellor received a tremendous ovation as he drove through the streets, which was somewhat surprising in view of the depressed state of industry in the city. In his speech he delivered an attack on the party system which he compared unfavourably with "authoritative personal government"

NATIVE GARB AND MUSIC: Estonian peasant women, in picturesque costume, singing at a recent national gathering in Tallinn, the capital. Like their neighbours the Letts, their ardent patriotism finds expression in their numerous folk-songs

MIMIC WARFARE IN ITALY

Signor Mussolini and King Victor Emmanuel talking with officers during the military manœuvres which were held a few days ago near Florence

SMITING THE SARACEN

Jousting in the Tuscan City of Arezzo

HERALDED BY THE BLARE OF TRUMPETS: Announcing the arrival of the combatants in the lists at the start of the day's jousting

ENTERING THE LISTS: The mounted knights, who each represent a different ward of the city, passing the wooden figure of Il Buratto, the Saracen, against which they pit their skill with the lance. Crowds of spectators surround the square

ON THE FIRST Sunday in August the city of Arezzo, in Northern Italy, is the scene of gorgeous medieval pageantry, and in the Piazza Grande the lists are set for jousting. The streets are thronged with excited citizens, but there are not many foreigners present as comparatively few are aware of the existence of this tournament which has been revived only during the past few years.

In the square every inch of space seems to be occupied; while windows, balconies, roofs, chimneys, and every possible vantage point are also taken up.

At one end of the lists stands the challenger, Il Buratto. This is a great, black-faced figure of wood, mounted on a pedestal and equipped with a shield and a three-thonged whip. It is supposed to represent a Saracen, and this jousting is a survival of the early conflicts between Christians and Pagans. Those knights who charge on Il Buratto must do so skilfully, for this wooden figure is so constructed that it can scourge the rider with its whip as he passes.

A BLAST of trumpets and the roll of drums announce the procession — horses and men having already received the benediction of the Church. From the Bargunto, the corner of the square opposite the challenger, issues a picturesque cortège—the standard-bearers of the Commune, musicians, the captains of the city wards, the combatant knights with their squires and pages, halberdiers, and cross-bowmen—some 300 of a company. More war-like this affair than the *Palio* of Siena, its knights clad in steel armour. Garb and war-harness of man and horse are accurate historical reproductions.

Round the square the procession marches, to the tune of the Saracen anthem. The herald then stands forth and reads the challenge of the infidel. The marshal of the field leads to the judges the first of the champions who represent the four contesting wards into which the city is divided, a slim youth in a grey shirt of mail. His lance is examined, then entrusted to the marshal who will hand it to him at the starting point. His progress thither is marked by wild cheers from his enthusiastic supporters, while whistles and derisive cries from spectators belonging to the rival wards add to the tensity of the proceedings.

Right—MEDIEVAL PAGEANTRY: One of the knights waiting his turn to compete. His armour, and the accoutrements of his charger, are exact reproductions of gear used in early times

He reins in his mount, receives his lance. The drum beats once, twice, thrice. Up the slope he flashes at full gallop; his lance finds an excellent mark on the Saracen's shield and he cleverly evades the swinging scourge, but alas! he has dropped his lance and with it all the "points" he had gained.

In succession the other contestants display their prowess, successes calling forth delirious acclamation from the winner's friends.

Finally, the two highest scores are announced, and there breaks forth an indescribable medley — every variation of shout, whistling, laughter; knights, pages, musicians, clad in tight-fitting hose and doublets of many hues, dance and leap and hug each other, throwing aloft their pennons and lances; nor is there lacking the angry clamour of those who consider that awards have not been just.

The two victorious champions are led to the tribunal of the Podesta, who entrusts to them the Golden Lance and the symbolic banner, to be in their custody till September 16, when at a second tournament the supremacy for the year will be decided.

M. J.

Left—A MIGHTY BLOW: A knight charges the Saracen. Points are awarded for the best hits, and the two most successful entrants are presented with a golden lance and a banner

CANADA HONOURS JACQUES CARTIER

The Discoverer of her Great River Highway

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AFTER: Bonaventure Island, which lies in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a few miles away from the spot where Jacques Cartier and 61 men first landed in Canada in 1534. Two years later he returned with another expedition and sailed up the St. Lawrence, visiting the Indian villages which afterwards were to become the great cities of Quebec and Montreal. *On right*—SPANNING THE SWIRLING WATERS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE: A view of the approaches and some of the piers during the construction of the Honoré Mercier Bridge at Lachine, near Montreal

JACQUES CARTIER: The great French navigator who discovered the St. Lawrence River. During this week and next, a series of celebrations is being held to commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of his first voyage to Canada and his landing on the Gaspé Peninsula to claim the territory for France

A MIGHTY UNDERTAKING: A view of one of the approaches to the Honoré Mercier Bridge which spans the St. Lawrence at a point where it is over half a mile wide. It has been completed in less than a year and a half, and many months in front of schedule in spite of the fact that difficult currents had to be contended with during the laying of the pier foundations

FOOD FOR THE NEEDY: Rounding up buffalo, the meat of which the Canadian Government gives to the unemployed. It is most nutritious and is regarded as a great delicacy

The Buffalo Saved

Forty Years Ago they were Nearly Exterminated, To-day Canada Possesses Thousands of them

ONE of the most amazing of western stories lies behind a modest announcement in a report of the Canadian Government. The report runs as follows: "For the first time in history the Government has supplied buffalo meat as an aid to western citizens unemployed due to world conditions. Of this winter's kill 670,000 lb. have been turned over for this purpose. At the present time there still remains alive a total of buffalo for future breeding stock as follows: 5,500 head in Buffalo National Park, Wainwright, Alberta; 1,608 at Elk Island Park; 6,673 which have been transferred to the 'Great Slave Lake Reserve' to join the only remaining wild herd, estimated in the year 1922 to number 2,000 animals. Up to the present there has been slaughtered for market and unemployment relief a total of 10,630 buffalo."

Can these statements be possible? is the involuntary cry. With pencil let us calculate the figures involved in this brief Government statement.

Living, to-day, then we have 5,500 plus 1,608 plus 6,673, giving 13,781 buffalo raised under the supervision of man. These figures are absolutely amazing when it is realized how near the species came to total extermination.

THIS noblest of wild animals on the American Continent was butchered so wantonly and wastefully by the incoming white men between the years 1850 and 1890 that there were able to survive, out of all the countless millions, just a few hundreds in the Great Slave Lake district, and this only by reason the region was until recently so inaccessible it was not worth the average hunter's time to make the journey. That these still survived the Indians and the wolves is little short of miraculous.

Then in 1873, without particular plan, without any vision of the wonderful thing it meant for the future, two men of different races, nearly a thousand miles apart in the great lone land that was then Western Canada, began the work by which the buffalo was saved from extinction. The first of these was C. B. Alloway, a fur trader from Winnipeg. In 1873 he captured three buffalo calves near Prince Alberta, now in the Province of Saskatchewan. In the following spring he saved from the slaughter of the last buffalo seen in that region two more calves. By 1878 these five had more than tripled, numbering sixteen. They were bought in 1878 by S. L. Bedson of Stoney Mountain, Manitoba. A herd of a hundred of the descendants from these five he sold twenty years later for 35,000 dollars to "Buffalo" Jones of Kansas City. In 1893 Jones sold twenty-six of this hundred to Michael Pablo and his partner, Charles Allard.

Thirteen other buffalo resulting from these same original five calves saved by Alloway, found their way, by donation of Lord Strathcona, to the Park at Banff, Alberta. By 1914 they numbered eighty-seven, when they were transferred to Buffalo Park, Wainwright, Alberta, to join 661 others. Thus by a queer roundabout course, and through various dealings of men, the most of the offspring from the five calves of Alloway captured in Saskatchewan, found their way to join another herd resulting from four calves caught about the same time. The story of these is as follows:

IN the autumn of 1873, Walking Coyote, a hunter from the Pend d'Oreille tribe of the Flathead reservation, Montana, returned from an expedition in the Sweet Grass hills in Alberta driving four buffalo calves, two males and two females as a present for his father-in-law. This good man later gave the animals as a present to the Mission of St. Ignatius nearby. In the year 1884, Michael Pablo, a half-breed, bought ten of the herd of thirteen resulting from the four, paying 250 dollars per head. He turned them to graze on the Indian reservation where they flourished and grew as wild as any of their forefathers.

In 1907 the American Government announced the Indian reservation to be opened to settlement of the whites. Pablo was forced to do something quickly. The President of the United States was an ardent wild animal conservationist. But even though Theodore Roosevelt urged Congress to purchase the herd, Congress refused the money grant, and the opportunity was eagerly snapped up by the Canadian Government who gave Pablo 245 dollars per head for the animals landed at Edmonton. Pablo was a shrewd man, but for once he under-estimated the trouble of the delivery part of the bargain. He hired a score of the best riders and ropers in the whole United States.

(Continued on p. 340)

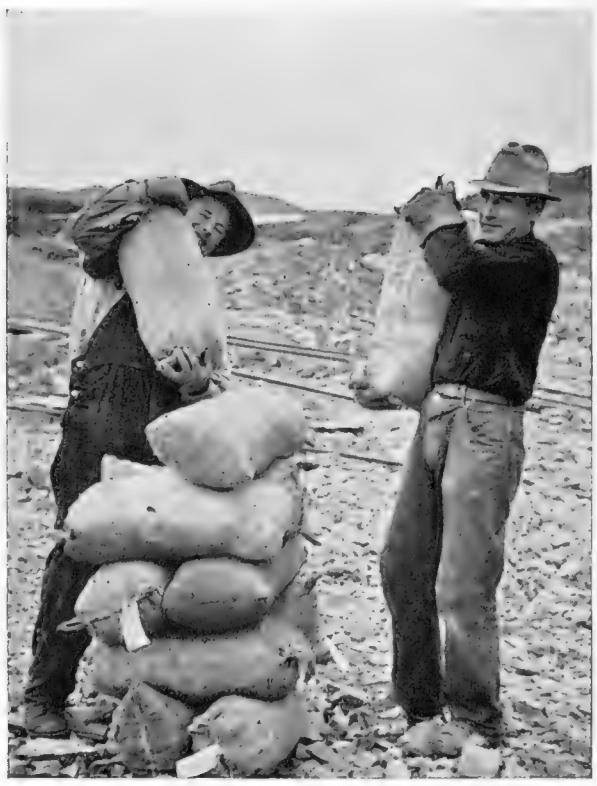
A SCOW ON THE ATHABASCA RIVER which is used for transporting park-bred buffalo to the northern ranges where they can mix and breed with the wild herds and so improve the stock

CANADA LOOKS TO

Mining on the Shores

WHERE THE FIRST GRAMME OF EMPIRE RADIUM WAS FOUND: Scenes in the blende ore, cobalt, and manganese is potentially one of the richest mining areas in of pitchblende—the source of radium. *Left centre*—The pilot stowing cargo into his piece of pitchblende ore. Ten tons of this, produce one gramme of radium. *Right*—the first vein of pitch

A MUSHROOM TOWNSHIP OF THE NORTH: A building contractor's office and a café at Cameron Bay—a centre of the mining area and the northern terminus of the air service from Edmonton, Alberta



READY FOR DISPATCH: Bags of pitchblende ore which are regularly sent by air to the refinery in Ontario, where the radium is extracted

IT is easy to think of Canada only in terms of her great southern provinces, and many do not realize the extent to which the vast North-West Territories are developing. To-day river steamboats and aeroplanes are assisting man in the opening up of this great land, rich in pastures and abounding in mineral wealth which is believed to rival even the prolific Congo. Experts declare that in a few

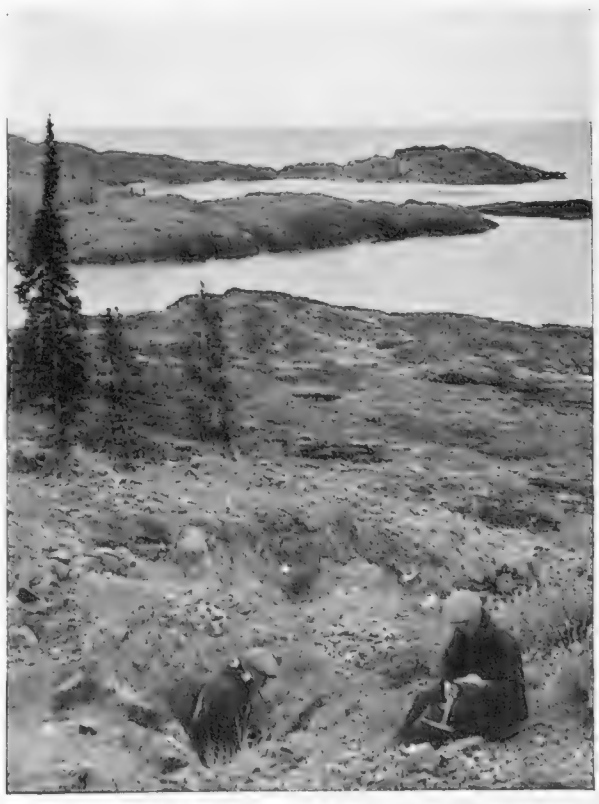
WARDS THE NORTH

of the Great Bear Lake

Great Bear Lake region, North-West Territories, which, with its deposits of gold, silver, pitchblende in the world. Already it is undergoing amazingly rapid development. *Left*—Working a vein This post marks the spot where, in May, 1930, Mr. Gilbert Labine, a prospector, found mail 'plane which links the new mining area with civilization. *Right centre*—Examining a

PIONEERS: Miners and prospectors outside their quarters in the little town of Cameron Bay. They have to be very fit to stand up to the rigours of the climate during the long winter

years the little townships round Great Bear Lake will be the busy centres of a prosperous region, supporting a vigorous population, and attracting as much capital and labour as any other part of the Dominion. The pictures on these pages amplify others which have been published in THE SPHERE during the past two years and give an excellent idea of the progress that is being made.



AN INLAND SEA: Miners at work on the shores of Great Bear Lake. At some points it is nearly a hundred miles wide

A PROFITABLE EXPERIMENT: A herd of reindeer in Alaska. These animals, which were introduced into the territory at the end of the last century, now provide the Eskimo with meat, milk, and skins for clothing

The Reindeer Industry

Canada Follows the Example of the United States and Brings New Wealth to the Eskimo

ACROSS BERING STRAIT from Alaska is Eastern Siberia, in Asia, only fifty-four miles away. The coast country here shows much the same physical characteristics as that of Alaska, and it has the same climate and vegetation. In 1890, however, the economic conditions of the two areas were far different; while the Alaskans were in a very bad way indeed, the Siberians were enjoying plenty. The situation in this respect looked so queer to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, a Presbyterian missionary in charge of education in Alaska, that he resolved to investigate, and he crossed the Strait and made a journey through the coast country.

THE natives of this part of Siberia, Jackson was surprised to find, lived not as the Alaskans lived—on fish, seal, walrus and caribou—but by raising domestic reindeer, like the Laplanders of Northern Europe. Every Chukchi tribesman of that desolate-appearing Cape Serdze coast west of Bering Strait was in comfortable circumstances, with a herd of these animals. True, due to the severity of the climate, these reindeer were very small—some of them would not weigh over 150lb.—but they were trim and sturdy, and glossy with fat—beautiful little animals. And tame—cows in a barnyard, milked and fed every day, were not more gentle. Yet they got no shelter and no hand-feeding, even in winter, and very little herding. The does provided milk, very little in quantity, but exceedingly rich, and the males made good draught animals. As meat, they yielded delicious smoked hams and tongues, and a back fat that when fried in the pan tasted not unlike bacon. The skins, light in weight and wind-proof, were easily made up into clothing and bedding, and were used as tent covers.

Dr. Jackson was an immediate convert. Domestic reindeer for the Alaskans—the very thing! Fired with this idea, he came back preaching a new economic gospel for the Far North; and he made straight for Washington. The Government listened to him, but . . . hesitated. Jackson couldn't wait. He raised some money by private subscription, and hurrying west once more he sent over and bought his first herd; eleven of those same little Chukchi reindeer he had seen on the Siberia north coast. He established them at Teller, on Seward Peninsula.

The reindeer did well in their new surroundings. By 1898 they numbered about 7,000. In that year the U.S. Government brought out from Northern Europe sixty-three Lapland families, and settled them in Alaska. These Laplanders were trained reindeer herders, and to them the Eskimos were apprenticed, to learn the trade.

SOON the industry had grown so large that the Government had to take it in hand and treat it as a branch of the live-stock industry. A Government Experiment Station was established on the Bering Sea coast, and a front-rank specialist—a Canadian, by the way, Dr. Seymour Hadwen—put in charge, to study the problems which had arisen—insect pests, range control, and such. In 1920 the domestic reindeer in Alaska were reckoned by the hundreds of thousands. In 1930 they numbered 1,000,000 and the area under pasture was as large as that of Texas.

In 1931 the whole industry was reorganized. The grazing territory was divided into administrative units, each of which was put under a Government supervisor, and over all was the Central Council. At this date there are in Alaska easily over 1,500,000 reindeer—more than there are in Norway, Sweden and Finland, all together—and this number is increasing at approximately 39 per cent. per year. Government reports indicate that there are in Alaska 78 native reindeer associations, with 5,879 members, owning herds which range in size from a few hundred to many thousands (the average range is from 500 to 700 square miles; the largest is about 1,500 square miles). Many individual owners run their animals together in one large herd. In 1929 a considerable start had been made in the export business. In that year 4,000,000 pounds of reindeer meat were exported to the United States, realizing the shippers, white and native, an average of 10·7 cents, f.o.b. Seattle, U.S.A.

IN 1919, the Canadian Government appointed a Royal Commission to enquire into what was wrong, that the Eskimos were dying off, and that the caribou had disappeared. The Commissioners were instructed at the same time to look into the possibilities of introducing domestic reindeer into Northern Canada.

(Continued on p. 340)

REINDEER AND CARIBOU: The Eskimo's principal source of wealth

A TRIBUTE BEARER: A relief carved on a balustrade of stone which adorned one of the palaces of Xerxes at Persepolis. It has recently been acquired by the new William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art in Kansas City, Missouri

KHORSABAD, PE

Treasures from Three Ancient Citi

THE GUARDIANS OF THE CITY GATE: Two remarkable figures of bulls with Chicago has unearthed at Khorsabad. It was there that King Sargon known as Dur-Sharrukin. It has already been explored with considerable thor our knowledge, has resulted in the di

AN ASSYRIAN ARCADE: The newly excavated remains of the cover palace of King Sargon at Dur-Sharrukin. This famous monarch, but afte

On left—A CARVED DOORWAY discovered by the recent expedition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art on the outskirts of Shiraz. The city was founded in the eighth century and was at one time a favourite resort of the Persian princes

RSEPOLIS, SHIRAZ

Unearthed by American Expeditions

uman heads which the Iraq expedition of the Oriental Institute of the University of 27-705 B.C.), father of Sennacherib, built himself a magnificent palace and a city ughness by the French, but the latest excavation work, although it has added little to covery of a number of sculptures of rare beauty

d-in way which connected the temple of Nabu (god of historians and scribes) with the who usurped the throne in 727 B.C., lavished his wealth on the building of the palace, his death his son abandoned it

BROUGHT TO LIGHT AFTER TWENTY-SIX CENTURIES: A beautifully carved relief of a winged figure which adorns the gateway at Dur-Sharrukin, and stands immediately behind the human-headed bulls shown in the picture on the left. There are several heads in the Louvre of similar design

On right—FROM PERSEPOLIS: A Persian stone relief showing a tribute bearer, dating from the fifth century B.C., which is now on exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, Massachusetts. The treatment of the folds of the robe is not dissimilar to that found in Grecian work of the same period

MONTE CARLO REVISITED

by

CHARLES GRAVES

REVELLING IN THE SOUTHERN SUN: Captain and Mrs. Leveson-Gower on the terrace of the new Beach Hotel

BEAUTY ON THE HEIGHTS: A panoramic view of Monte Carlo

A Second Article on the Fashionable Riviera Resort and its Famous Golf Course

UNTIL I became inquisitive down here at Monte Carlo I would have wagered anything that the world's most expensive golf course was somewhere or other in the United States of America. In boom times the entrance fee of several was 1,000 dollars. Their clubhouses are magnificent by all accounts—more like luxury hotels than anything else. And yet for sheer original cost there cannot be a golf course in the universe that approaches in initial expense that of the Monte Carlo Golf Club—for such is now the name of what used to be called the Mont Agel course.

As you drive up the steep cork-screwing road—the funicular came to a dramatic finish a year or two ago—it becomes more and more probable that the person who advised you to take your clubs up to La Turbie was a practical joker of the first water. Huge rocks and low coarse scrub provide the landscape which exactly approximates to the drive up to Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro, from Kotor. Here as these shy little clouds flutter about, even in August, it would be difficult to imagine a more barren outlook, and so it continues as the road zig-zags up to a height of 2,850 ft., then suddenly before you know where you are, you see a trim green with the conventional red flag fluttering in the faint breeze. Then another. And then the white club-house comes into view, with the professionals' shop, the caddies, the first fairway, and all the usual accoutrements. This is no miracle of nature. It has been intense industry in the face of the seemingly impossible. In the first instance the fifty-six hectares cost no less than £320,000. It was French Government property (a huge modern fort to-day dominates practically every hole) and the French knew that M. Blanc had to have his land in order to give the English an alibi at home for gambling in the Casino. The land was bought and the course started in 1909. Whole platoons of peasants had to be enrolled to pick up the stones from a surface which looked more like a pebble beach than a future golf course. Baskets and carts were filled and emptied, and filled again. Rocks the size of human beings were dug up or blasted out of existence. This went on from dawn to dusk for two years.

THEN Willie Park was brought from Great Britain to lay out the course. Seed was imported from all parts of the world. Much of it was English, but it had to be mixed with red fescue and creeping bents from Germany, New Zealand, and North America. Many experiments were made until what was thought to be the ideal surface could be found. At last came the opening day, and the leading English and Scottish golf professionals were brought over to play an exhibition match. One of them was Andrew Kirkaldy who, when he was asked what he thought of the course replied with some truth and justification at the time, "I'm no b——y goat." Even to get the course to this state of preparedness cost another £40,000. Since then it has been altered and improved continuously. Even five years ago, when I was there last, there were half a dozen holes at which you had no idea what was going to happen to your ball. On the downhill ones in particular it was liable to kick almost into eternity. Since then it has improved out of recognition. The fairways are excellent turf all the way with the exception of an occasional outcrop which acts as a bunker.

Fortunately for the secretary, Mr. A. B. Robertson, whom many people will remember from his Huntercombe days, there is a limitless supply of water for the summer months. On an average 10,000 gallons a day are used between April and October. Every year or so, what is more, he puts down 20,000 kilos of superphosphates, potash, and sulphates. He has a staff of eleven men to keep up the course, not to mention George Dow, who has been the resident professional for seven years. There is in addition a club staff of eight, while as many as fifty caddies can be provided when required. Up to 1932 the course was costing the Casino £8,400 a year, even after the green fees and other sources of income had been taken into consideration. To-day it is costing about £4,800 a year. This is all for the benefit of the hundred permanent members and the casual golfers who come up on an average of ten or twenty a day and who are charged 20 francs daily.

The irony of it all is that the course has never been playing better. Among the changes are the dividing up of the long fifth into two and the resultant disappearance of the old seventeenth which was always a fluky hole. I have not the space to take you round the whole of the eighteen, but nearly every hole is excellent and the sixteenth is a classic with just a bit of wire on the tee between you and perdition.

THE great regret of the secretary and the members is that the Prince of Wales on his only visit to Monte Carlo since the War was taken first to Mougins which was closed, and then to Cagnes where only six holes were open. After which he went off straight to Chiberta at Biarritz. For those who like scenery there is nothing, of course, to touch this place. The day I played there I could see Corsica in one direction and far beyond Cannes to the West, while the huge range of Alps behind are extended in full view to a distance of ninety miles. Couple that with admirable little olive trees, slim green pencil-like cypresses and a delicious little zephyr and the worst golfer receives solace for his bad play on the world's most costly golf course.

The Charm of the Lesser Regatta

AT THE WEST MERSEA TOWN REGATTA which took place recently on the Blackwater River, Essex. *Inset, top*—Yachts of the 30-ton cruiser class near the starting mark. *Above*—*Unity* leading in the race for fishing smacks. *Left*—*Thetis*, winner of the first prize in the cruiser class

POUNDING THROUGH THE SWELL

A Thames barge, with every stitch of canvas set, makes fine headway in a strong wind

"CROWN'D THE NONPAREIL OF BEAUTY" BY THEIR RESPECTIVE COUNTRIES: Fifteen of Europe's loveliest women who will compete in the Hastings Beauty contest

UNDER CAMERA FIRE: Belgium's candidate for the title of Miss Europe

MISS LONDON: Miss Betty Thor with the Mayor of Hammersmith after her victory

SEASIDE BEATIES: *Left*—Miss Portsmouth and Miss Southsea. *Right*—Miss Morecambe

THE BEAUTY BATTLE OF HASTINGS

A "Sphere" Correspondent Lunches in Paris with Fifteen Young Women who are Coming to England to Compete for the Title of Miss Europe

PARIS

I HAVE just recovered from lunching with the fifteen most beautiful girls in Europe.

When I say "recovered" I do not mean that now, hours later, I have sadly awoken to the realization that I *must* have lunched *somewhere*, with the hazy recollection of some lucky fellow with a pretty girl at the next table, whose bright eyes impelled me rather too frequently to toast my own good luck to come.

No, sir. I mean what I say. Belgium, Denmark, Spain, Finland, Rumania, Holland, France, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Poland, Russia, and even Siberia, had all previously taken careful thought as to which was their most representative beauty, and sent her, if not precisely with the sole object of lunching with me, at any rate for me and for you to admire.

For you, because these fifteen young ladies are all crossing to Hastings, where on September 6 they will compete with Miss England for the title of Miss Europe, 1934.

Amongst other items which I learnt at this amazing luncheon was that a young man has turned up every year to sue (successfully within the year) for the hands of the five previous Miss Europes. Although I gather that no mandate from the League of Nations is actually required to marry Miss Europe, one is forced to admire the courage that is strong enough to face such an awe-inspiring marriage. I do not, of course, refer to its personal aspects, but exclusively to its potential international perplexities; what with Hitlerites, Polish Corridorites, and the old Archduke Ottovians amongst one's in-laws.

EVER since American publicity methods conquered Europe, the back picture pages of the daily Press have been periodically filled with blurred images, which the letterpress below optimistically described as "Miss ——, the Beauty Queen." You must have wondered, with me, what they are really like to look at, what they talk about, and from what corner do they spring into the brief blaze of the arc lights?

I have now satisfied our mutual curiosity.

As a whole the 1934 selection are quite pretty. With the exception of Miss Finland, not one is a beauty. A few of them talk quite naturally about such things as you and I might discuss. (Miss Hungary and I had a long talk on the comparative cost of living in Hungary and England and on the alleged meanness of the Scot.) But most of them were frankly more interested in themselves, as might be expected of any average girl suddenly photographed, interviewed, cinematographed, and rendered self-conscious from morning till night. Miss Holland is a barrister's daughter; Miss Germany is a descendant of the philosopher Kant; and so on.

What struck me was the contrast between the round faces, more lethargic bodies and characters of the Latins and Slavs and the clear-cut, chiselled faces, active bodies, and definite personalities of the Scandinavians and Nordics. The Scandinavians use make-up discreetly and have in consequence lovely complexions. The plucked eyebrows and flaming cheeks of the others will doubtless be more pleasing to the Cleopatricianly inclined.

IT HAS been my privilege in the past few years to undergo, in your behalf, such experiences as French political crises, a train disaster, the election of a President to the French Republic, and the execution of his assassin. These diverse experiences almost pale into insignificance beside that which I added to the list to-day when I asked fifteen women their ages, weights, and heights! (Knowing only two out of the fifteen different languages with which I was faced, I soon developed a good technique in explanatory gesticulations. I lifted imaginary heavy-weights, measured imaginary skyscrapers, and offered my guesses of ages on a piece of paper for correction). Divided by fifteen the totals produced the following averages—age 19½, weight 8 st. 12 ozs., height 5 ft. 5 ins. In the interests of accuracy, I need only add that the most beautiful woman in Europe was not at the luncheon. I had left her at home doing our household accounts.

Jossleyn Hennessy

The Summer Strand

MOTHERHOOD: A remarkable camera study which, with its varied tones and vivid almosphere, has all the qualities of a fine painting. *On right* —BEAUTY POISED INTENT: The grace of modern youth in modern attire

ON FRINTON BEACH: Master David Rutland, grandson of Lord Ashfield, with a young friend. *On left*—READY FOR THE DIP: Happiness in the summer sun

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

A relief on the bastions of Rhodes

A GEM OF THE AEGEAN

Rhodes, the Island of Chivalry

The picturesque Street of the Knights with its cobbled paving stones and old houses, some of which have changed but little since the days when the island was the headquarters of the Knights of St. John and an important stronghold of Christianity. In 1522 Rhodes fell into the hands of the Turks in whose possession it remained until after the Great War, when it was annexed by Italy

TAKING THE GRAPE

A Healthful Holiday in a Popular Italian Resort

THE GATEWAY TO THE DOLOMITES: A delightful view of Merano taken from the vine-clad heights above the town

ITALY has beauty at all times of the year, but her countryside is never more beautiful than when her broad plains and terraced hillsides are splashed with the purple and gold of the fully-ripened grape. Then is the time when you realize what the vintage harvest means to this sun-drenched land, when you see the country-people at their brightest and best, for the labours of the year are then crowned with success; they laugh and they sing, and they are on very good terms with all the world, and if you chance to be amongst them during the mellow, golden days of October, when they are despoiling the vineyards of their precious yield, you will be charmed with your visit.

The Romans were staunch votaries of the grape, and held high festival during the grape harvest; this spirit of joy and thankfulness Signor Mussolini is anxious to recapture for the whole Italian nation, and to that end he has instituted vintage festivals throughout the land, whereat grapes fresh from the vineyards, and wet with the early morning dew, are freely consumed; not only in the villages of the countryside, but in the towns and cities, in the great squares of Venice, Volterra, and Siena, in the markets of Trajan, at Turin and Milan, under the loggias of Bologna, in Naples, and in the Foro Italico of Palermo, in Sicily, everywhere, the gift of Bacchus to mankind provides the people with a luscious meal before it is taken off in bulk to be transmuted into the nectar that drives away dull care.

A GATHERER OF THE GRAPE HARVEST: A peasant woman of Merano

Apart from the grape-eating at vintage festivals, there is practised throughout Italy, during the grape harvest, what is known as the grape cure, which means the consumption of as many pounds of grapes as possible every day—for their wonderful qualities of purifying the blood. At many of the Italian health resorts situated near the vineyards, the cure is in vogue amongst foreign visitors, but one such resort specializes in the grape cure—Merano—and there it can be carried out in the most pleasant circumstances, for the vineyards are all about this picturesque town of Northern Italy, bordering the region of the Dolomites with their magnificent scenery, and there are several excellent sanatoria and an up-to-date hydropathic establishment where the cure can be practised under expert medical advice.

On the sunny hillsides of Merano are grown the fine grapes which yield the famous red wines of St. Maddalena, and it is an exceedingly pleasant sight to walk through the vineyards and see the clusters of luscious black fruit. There is also the chance of seeing the local watcher of the vineyards, termed the "Saltner," who is very much in evidence about the time of harvest, and who wears a costume which is exceedingly characteristic and very picturesque.

"SEASON OF MISTS AND MELLOW... when the grapes are gathered...

CURE AT MERANO

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE BOUNTY OF THE VINEYARDS OF MERANO: The luscious black grapes that go to make the famous red wines of St. Maddalena

Merano has a very dry and extraordinarily clear air, which makes it a desirable spot in which to undertake a cure, it has a very sunny and sheltered position, and the autumn is one of its most attractive seasons. Then one is able to enjoy to the full the many walks about the place, remarkable for their beauty and interest, and which lead not only past the vineyards but by orchards of fruit trees rich in colour, and among pine woods. It is a delightful time too, for motoring, along roads wide and well-surfaced, which afford a change of scenery that is almost bewildering in variety.

In the neighbourhood of Merano there are fine old medieval castles, of picturesque appearance, and there are so many of them that it is easy indeed to capture the spirit of the past and imagine the stirring days of feudalism. Planta, Reichenbach, Rametz, Erlach, Trautmansdorff, and Winkel, all of the thirteenth to fifteenth centuries; Fragsburg, Lebenburg, Goyen, and Brunnenburg are all deeply interesting. Then there is the famous castle of Tirolo, the original seat of the family which gave its name to the Tirol, the Counts of Tirol, in the days when Merano was the capital of the Tirol, a position it held from the twelfth century to about 1420, and which afterwards passed into the hands of the Counts of Görz and Tirol, whose last heiress was Margarete Maultasch, better known as the Ugly Duchess, and who held her Court here. It has a porch that is worthy of note, and a chapel with Romanesque reliefs and frescoes.

THE SALTNER: The quaintly clad guardian of the vineyards

In Merano itself there is much that is of interest; the parish church of St. Nicholas, dating from the fourteenth century, with fine frescoes and pictures, and a beautiful crucifix; the Gothic Hospital Church of fifteenth-century construction, and with a splendid altar; St. Barbara's Chapel; the ancient feudal castle built in the middle of the fifteenth century by Archduke Sigismund, who stayed there, frequently for long periods, with his consort Eleanor of Scotland; the Bozner Gate, one of the famous old gates of Merano; the Arcades, with their old interiors; whilst a visit to the frescoes and the courtyard in the Istituto di Risparmio e Prestito, in the Piazza del Grano, is certainly worth while.

"LOW FRUITFULNESS": September, and transported to the wine press

Additional advantages Merano possesses for the benefit of those who elect to pay it a visit for the grape cure, are its many facilities for sport. It has a nine-hole golf course, a tennis club, a large open-air swimming pool and a restaurant, good trout fishing, and international horse-racing and jumping competitions. It also boasts an international bridge club, so that together with the Casino, and its concerts, dances, and the gay social life which prevails in its many excellent hotels, visitors to Merano are sure to be able to occupy their time, with never a dull moment.

IN THE VALLEY OF MAGGIA

The lovely little Swiss village of Bignasco with its rushing river and tree-clad heights

AMID THE HIGH PASTURES

Cattle placidly chewing the cud on the sunlit mountain slopes. Even in summer a few patches of snow remain

The bold grandeur of the Swiss Alps in winter—ski-ing grounds where the world enjoys one of the most thrilling of all sports—gives place in summer to a scene of quiet beauty which, to the lover of solitude, is unforgettable. The mountain slopes are a riot of bloom, the little villages, nestling in the valleys, are bathed in sunlight with the white buildings gleaming in the pure air. Here indeed is vivid contrast

Pictures by Meerkamper

ON ALPINE HEIGHTS

The Summer Scene in Switzerland

The World of Books

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

IN HIS TITLE, IN ALL COUNTRIES (Constable. 7s. 6d.), Mr. John dos Passos makes a challenge, for the book is a record of what the author has seen and heard in Spain, in Mexico, in Russia, and in the United States. Presumably Mr. dos Passos would have us believe, in the words of the Cockney song, that "It's the same the 'ole world over." Yes, and we can step on a line further and find that "It's the rich wot 'as the pleasure," if for the rich we read whatever bourgeois government happens to be in power, while the earnest, honest, and mild progressive elements (called Reds, Revolutionaries, Bolsheviks, Communists, or Syndicalists, according to taste) are the blokes "wot get the blame" and take the always fearful consequences. Which is not entirely fair because the Russian chapters are not free from unflattering sidelights on the existing régime.

Not that Mr. dos Passos ever criticizes, or even comments. He may not, for all I know, desire that his Russian scenes should reveal life in some of its more undesirable forms. The undesirability, or otherwise, is in the mind of the reader: the author gives no more hint of his own views than is contained in his choice of subject.

The book's technique is frankly cinematographic: its continuity is that of the newsreel. To accomplish this effectively a writer must have an exceptional gift for descriptive prose, must be a first-rate reporter, and have a well-developed news sense. Mr. dos Passos has all these gifts *plus*. He had them before Mr. Hemingway became famous for the same thing. In fact his style suits the form better than Hemingway's, who never succeeds in quite that detachment which is this author's strength. For classic English he has no use (although he can use it when he wants to). A few of his sentences would be a nightmare for those estimable gentlemen at present writing to *The Times* about noun adjectives and other modern literary outrages. One of his favourite tricks is the compounding of several words forming an adjectival cliché. Dyedinthewool is a bad example. Sometimes it is effective but, to an English ear, not so often as it might be.

Personally I do not care one way or the other about Mr. dos Passos' political leanings (the piece about King Alfonso might, for instance, be meant to be a jibe but becomes merely silly in the face of the facts) but as a writer he is a superb artist in his own line. There is more real enjoyment in this book than in a dozen so-called novels of "real life."

Another American writer to be reckoned with is Mr. T. S. Stribling whose UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is complementary to those fine novels, *The Forge* and *The Store*. Where Mr. dos Passos records, Mr. Stribling creates, and what a good novelist he is!

The implication of the title, *Unfinished Cathedral*, is a summary of the structure of American life, which in certain aspects is as crude, rough, unquestioning and bigoted as it was in pioneer days. The moral of the book is directed against the survival of lynch law, the hypocritical attitude of the North, and the blind hostility of the whites in the South to the Negro question.

Mr. Stribling makes no bones about the axe he has to grind, but if we in England have none but a sentimental interest in these problems we can at least be grateful that they have inspired a first-class tale by a first-rate novelist.

Another gentleman filled with reforming zeal is M. Henri Champly, whose ROAD TO SHANGHAI (John Long. 12s. 6d.) is frankly billed as an exposé of white-slave traffic in the East. The idea was suggested to M. Champly by M. Albert Londres who, before he perished in the ill-fated *Phillipar*, told the author that his famous book, *The Road to Buenos Aires*, was out of date, and that the path of prostitution had shifted from South America to the Far East.

That M. Champly assiduously carried out his investigations and has proved the contention is abundantly proved in this book. It is a horrible and hateful subject, nor is it made any the more pleasurable by the author's obscurities and innuendoes which are insufficiently disguised by an exasperating archness in the telling.

MISS HAZEL MURPHY, author of *The Traveling People*—a new novel which has recently been published by Wm. Collins Sons & Co.

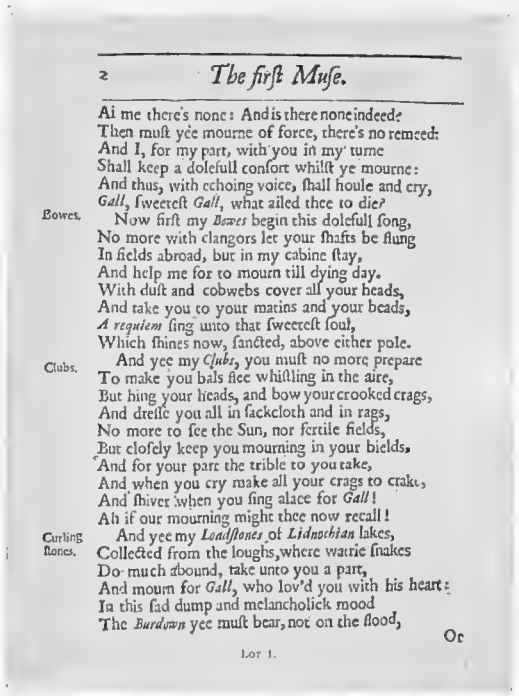
A WRITER OF MANY BEST SELLERS: Miss Fanny Hurst who is visiting Paris in search of material for her next book

A ROMANCE OF TOBACCO: This is the theme of Mrs. Doris Leslie's novel, *Full Flavour*, a John Lane publication

Let us return to the novelists, and discover a new book by the talented author of *Without My Cloak*, Miss Kate O'Brien. It is a study of the family of the Mulqueens, the scene is Ireland, the whole of the action is compressed into three consecutive days, and the year is 1880. It is entitled THE ANTE-ROOM (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.).

This is no book for an idle half-hour on a summer's day but one demanding concentration and an ability to perceive the genius of Miss O'Brien's gift for the creation of reality and the skill with which she achieves the dramatic effect.

Turning to THE LONELY LADY OF DULWICH (Heinemann. 5s.), we find ourselves in the polished



2 *The first Muſe.*

Ai me there's none: And is there none indeed?
Then muſt yée mourne of force, there's no remeed:
And I, for my part, with you in my turne
Shall keep a dolefull conſort whilſt ye mourne:
And thus, with echoing voice, ſhall houle and cry,
Gall, ſweeteſt *Gall*, what ailed thee to die?
Bowes. Now firſt my *Bowes* begin this dolefull ſong,
No more with clangors let your ſhafts be flung
In fields abroad, but in my cabine ſtay,
And help me for to mourn till dying day.
With duſt and cobwebs cover all your heads,
And take you to your matins and your beads,
A requiem ſing unto that ſweeteſt ſoul,
Which ſhines now, ſanctéd, above either pole.
Clubs. And yee my *Clubs*, you muſt no more prepare
To make you bals flee whiſtling in the aire,
But hing your heads, and bow your crooked crags,
And dreſſe you all in ſackcloth and in rags,
No more to ſee the Sun, nor fertile fields,
But cloſely keep you mourning in your bields,
And for your part the trible to you take,
And when you cry make all your crags to crake,
And ſhiver when you ſing alace for *Gall*!
Ah if our mourning might thee now recall!
Curling ſtones. And yee my *Loadſtones* of *Lidnochian* lakes,
Collected from the loughs, where warrie ſnakes
Do much abound, take unto you a part,
And mourn for *Gall*, who lov'd you with his heart:
In this ſad dump and melancholick mood
The *Burdown* yee muſt bear, not on the flood,

Or

Lor 1.

"And yee my Clubs, you must no more prepare To make you bals flee whistling in the aire."

An early reference to the game of golf which appears on page two of Henry Adamson's *Mirthful Mournings on the Death of Master Gall.* The book was published in Edinburgh in 1638 and was recently sold at Sotheby's for £38

and sophisticated company of Mr. Maurice Baring. Mr. Baring's characters are not of the rough-hewn type, but are what are known as men and women of the world; and although his diminutive drama is one of futility, it is at the same time one of moods rather than of passions.

The Lonely Lady, Zita Harmer, spends her life mis-timing and mis-placing her affections, inspiring them, as well, in the wrong places. It is a haunting little story with all the delicacy, but hardly all the definitiveness, of a miniature. An ideal book for a holiday afternoon.

My readers do not need to be reminded that the author of *Nocturne* is a fine novelist, a distinguished critic, and a man of letters. Nor is Mr. Swinnerton a one-novel-a-year man. *Elizabeth* is, as I remember, at an interval of a year or two from his last.

ELIZABETH (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) is the story of the lovely Beth and the lonely Eliza and of the Seahampton of the 'nineties. These two girls, one the daughter of a successful author and the other of a broken-down journalist, are drawn together in a friendship in which pity and envy are equal factors. With that gift of quietness and almost understatement, which is Mr. Swinnerton's strength, both characters are built into vivid reality. Of necessity, because of the many subsidiary plots, the story is slow moving, but the tempo is never too leisurely as the development of the lives of the two girls moves to the dramatic rightness of the end.

I have enjoyed this book more than any novel Mr. Frank Swinnerton has written since that classic which was *Nocturne*.

I read LOST LONDON (Stanley Paul. 15s.) at one sitting, and I have seldom spent a more entertaining evening. These reminiscences of ex-Detective Sergeant Leeson might not, of course, be everybody's idea of pleasant reading, as they deal in a practical, familiar way with such repellent figures as Stinie Morrison, the Clapham Common murderer, and Jack the Ripper, who was never caught.

The account of the famous Sidney Street siege is genuinely exciting. The author was shot near the heart in this encounter by people whom he very reasonably describes as bandits, so that his impressions can be described with some truth as vivid.

My only disappointment was the photograph of Sergeant Leeson disguised as a tough.

SCOTS GUARD (Rich and Cowan. 9s.) is a collection of the posthumous papers of the late Wilfred Ewart, consisting, for the main part, of his War diary. The book reveals many things about the writer, about his attitude to the War, about certain actions in the War itself, about the mind of an officer in the Brigade of Guards who is at the same time cultured and an intellectual.

Further I would call your attention to three omnibus volumes which deserve the attention of the discriminating. SIX PLAYS (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is an attractive collection of plays by Noel Coward, Somerset Maugham, J. B. Priestley, Clemence Dane, Edna Ferber, and Keith Winter. Each is good, each was successful, and they make good reading by contrast. Moreover they are worthy of the degree of permanence which the publisher gives them in this volume.

The late Elinor Wylie wrote four novels, *Jennifer Lorn*, *The Venetian Glass Nephew*, *The Orphan Angel*, and *Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard*, which Martin Secker has now collected in one volume and publishes at 10s. 6d. net. Here assuredly is a book to buy and to keep.

And finally Mr. Somerset Maugham has collected thirty of those of his stories he likes best, which Heinemann publish in one well-produced book for 8s. 6d. and which is entitled ALTOGETHER. I like the last sentence of Mr. Maugham's preface (which, incidentally, is a masterly analysis of the art of the short story and a trenchant defence of his own methods). "You can take it or leave it," he says.

On page 340 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

Mainly from the Provinces

BACK TO THE VALLEY

Sheep, penned, and ready for dipping, after a round-up among the Berwyn Hills, North Wales

ONE METHOD OF SOLVING THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM: A path for the exclusive use of cyclists which is being constructed as an experiment along three miles of Western Avenue, beyond Shepherd's Bush, London

PREHISTORIC ENGLAND: Excavation work, which is now taking place near the Wiltshire village of Avebury, famous for its giant stone circle, has brought to light an ancient temple which is believed to be older than Stonehenge

NATURE IN A TURBULENT MOOD: A remarkable aerial view of the great bore, or tidal wave, which swept up the River Severn last week. Fishermen took care to remove their boats to a place of safety

NOVEL FARMYARD NOISES: This bathing pool has been built at County Oak, Sussex, by a farmer and his employees. The cows aloofly watch this encroachment on their domain

PLAYS *and* FILMS

Lilian Braithwaite Excels in "Family Affairs" : Sir Nigel Playfair's Great Love for the Theatre

Drawn by F. Matania

A 200-YEAR-OLD PLAY THAT BROUGHT FAME TO THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH: Polly Peachum and Lucy Lockit beg their fathers to release the gallant but flighty Captain Macheath from Newgate gaol—a scene from *The Beggar's Opera* which Sir Nigel Playfair revived with such success

By Philip Page

IT DOES not seem so very long ago since quite a number of dramatists were showing us what a good time the younger generation is having and ought to have, and were putting in play form the whole art of revolt from the revolting people who were criminal enough to have grown-up children and to expect some small degree of respect, obedience, and even affection from them.

The pendulum has swung indeed. Patriarchy and matriarchy are the fashion, the latter in particular. Mr. Barrett stalked and frowned over his terrified brood in Wimpole Street. Mrs. Patrick Campbell brought back memories of the old song, "What is home without a mother?" in that interesting play, *The Matriarch*. Miss Lilian Braithwaite gave a skilled example of how one can smile and smile and yet be villainously tyrannical to one's children in *The Silver Cord*.

Miss Braithwaite is at it again in *Family Affairs* at the Ambassadors. She can play the stage mother to perfection. Not the stage mother of old tradition, who was a colourless old darling, white-haired, as sweet as Château Yquem—not so satisfying and almost as sickly. Miss Braithwaite creates, with the help of her author, something with rather more body to it. I would suggest Château Yquem with a dash of absinthe in it, were it not that that would be a nauseating mixture—and there could never be anything nauseating about Miss Braithwaite. But she can often be cattily attractive or attractively catty.

She is the lynch-pin of *Family Affairs*—a mother seventy-eight years old who pilots through their troubles a family not one member of which has a tenth part of her brains or her charm. She is selfish and tyrannical. But she is also amusing and has any amount of what I must call "guts," with due apologies to her Victorianism for the lack of another word equally appropriate. The play, except in as far as it is three one-act pieces bound somewhat slenderly together into a full-length comedy, is really a concerto with Miss Braithwaite as soloist. She is so perfect a player that it is good entertainment throughout.

Miss Gertrude Jennings, the author, is more sure with her character-drawing than with her construction. She has, however, left some characters sketched but vaguely—notably the dull but well-meaning son who lives with his mother, carries on a flabby intrigue with a married woman (very cleverly and prettily played by Miss Mary Glynne), and in an atmosphere of unimaginable domestic intrigue and turmoil manages to earn some sort of living as a writer of pot-boilers.

Another character, on the other hand—a semi-imbecile aunt—is over-drawn, and Miss Athene Seyler, though she is to be congratulated on evoking nearly all the many laughs of the evening, could not resist the temptation to make matters worse by overplaying it.

Mr. Gyles Isham gave a natural study of the returned prodigal, and Mr. Archibald Batty's pompous refusal to spend money on anyone but himself formed another admirable performance.

"Chu Chin Chow."—It was inevitable that *Chu Chin Chow* should have been filmed and filmed with extravagant spectacle. This production by Walter Forde is not nearly so silly as Cecil B. de Mille's *Cleopatra*, though I would not be surprised to find that it cost nearly as much. It is better, however, to spend too much money on pseudo-Oriental nonsense that has never pretended to be anything other than nonsense than on historical episodes which Shakespeare has already used. We do not care much what anybody makes of Ali Baba, whom we know from our Christmas pantomimes, but we do care (at least, I do) how a film director, with the bee of lavish spending in his bonnet, manhandles Cæsar, Pompey, and Cleopatra.

Chu Chin Chow is a good spectacle with Mr. George Robey in it, and that is enough recommendation for a visit. There is also an extremely fine German actor, Herr Fritz Kortner. He is a hero indeed, but no posturing, wavy-haired, tiny-moustached idol of the younger Hollywood school. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, senr., could not outstrip him in activity and athletic prowess, and he has a grim humour as well as a laughing philosophy which, added to his great good looks, make him irresistible as a central figure of the old story.

Miss Anna May Wong looks precisely right and acts extremely well; but it is unfortunate that, this being of course a "talkie," she has to open her mouth. The American accent I find only very rarely distasteful and frequently charming. In any form of stage or film *chinoiserie*, however, it seems preposterous, particularly when issuing from a face of so indisputably a Chinese mould as that of Miss Wong. Why an American accent is more out-of-place than an English accent in an Eastern fairy tale it would not be easy to explain with any degree of logic. I can only say that it is.

The dresses of *Chu Chin Chow* are very beautiful, as far as one can regard any spectacle that is without colour as beautiful in other than a strictly limited degree.

I do not know what scientific research is doing in the matter of colour in the cinema, which I remember to have seen, in a semi-satisfactory state only, a good many years ago. If such research is hampered by lack of funds the position is ludicrous. To spend millions of dollars in building antique barges as big as Atlantic liners and in hiring "supers" by the tens of thousands, when such essential factors in the development of the cinema industry as colour and stereoscopic effect are being held back, seems the last word in lunacy.

The "Proms."—The Promenade concerts at the Queen's Hall have been launched in the usual triumphant fashion and are marked by unusually good performances. Not that the level of the orchestra has not been a high one for some years, but now that the B.B.C. have relieved financial anxiety Sir Henry Wood has a freer hand, and a fine body of players to boot—that is, to conduct.

The most interesting evening so far has been the all-Delius concert, and this in spite of the fact that the music of Delius has so distinctive a flavour that it tends, lovely as it is, to become monotonous. Miss Dora Labette and Mr. Roy Henderson sang the exquisite "Idyll"—a late work founded on an early one—and we had also "Brigg Fair" and the violin and 'cello concerto. The Piano concerto, its difficulties well mastered by Mr. Clifford Curzon, who is a brilliant yet quite unaffected pianist, does not sound like Delius at all. So it came in useful by way of contrast.

It has been widely suggested that Delius has so established himself now, that we shall have regular Delius nights at the "Proms" *in æternum*, just as we have Bach nights and Wagner nights and Beethoven nights. This I doubt. Delius was a composer of much beautiful work; distinctive, tender, sometimes almost unbearably poignant. But I do not think his music will ever become more popular than it is now, and may even become less so. He is likely to rank with Debussy as an immaculate artist in his own line—and that is not quite the greatest line.

The appearance at these concerts of such fine British singers as Mr. Roy Henderson, Mr. Parry Jones (in great form on Wagner nights), Madame Miriam Licette, and others makes it a vast pity that Covent Garden is not, apparently, to be open again until next spring, and then with an "international" season in which, at any rate on the stage, British singers will be by no means to the fore. Could not a season of opera in English in the autumn or spring be arranged?

The Genius of the Lyric.—Sir Nigel Playfair was not a great actor, but he did good work for the stage which can ill afford to lose him. I first met him when he was playing the perky, good-hearted, rather common little doctor in Pinero's *His House in Order* at the St. James's, in 1906, and very good he was. Many, alas, of that cast have played their last rôle.

Nigel Playfair had two important assets as an actor; a sense of character and a gratifyingly distinct voice. It is a significant comment on the prevalent inaudibility among the theatrical profession that one singles out as a virtue, and even an exceptional one, that which should be there as a matter of course in anybody who has selected speaking to audiences as a job. But let that pass.

He gave a first-rate performance as Cayley Drummle in a revival of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and I remember his Mr. Dick in *David Copperfield*—a perfect Dickensian miniature.

But it was not until he secured the Lyric, Hammersmith, that Nigel Playfair attained to the position in the theatre which eventually won him a deserved honour. He has told in his book of reminiscences how he transformed a derelict dust-hole of a place, which had been the home of suburban pantomime, into a resort for the Drama's most intelligent supporters. Yet he was never himself a "highbrow" in the aggressive sense. He liked jollity on the stage, particularly eighteenth-century jollity, far too keenly for that.

I have heard it remarked cynically that Playfair was knighted because he drew all London to a 200-year-old play about thieves and prostitutes. The foundation for that observation is apparent when we realize the abundantly long run of *The Beggar's Opera*. But it is a dangerous quarter, or eighth, truth. This famous work was only the best known of a series of revivals, presented with consummate artistry, which brought out all the fun of the period with none of its sordidness.

And the eighteenth century was not the only card played at the Lyric. With pleasure do I remember Clifford Bax's play, *Midsummer Madness*, with Miss Marie Tempest, A. P. Herbert's *Tantivy Towers*, and such perfect light entertainment as *Riverside Nights*. Nigel Playfair was the presiding deity and a tireless worker.

As a man he was not easy to know. People said he was pompous, and perhaps he was just a little pompous, though that was a side of him I seldom found. He was certainly an idealist who loved the theatre, and a man of spotless integrity. That he and Gerald du Maurier should have passed away within a few months is a sad blow.

HIS LAST ROLE: Sir Nigel Playfair, whose sudden death has robbed the stage of one of its most outstanding personalities, as the Emperor in Bernard Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion* which was presented a few weeks ago at the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre

THE ARMY *Annual Military Exercises in Essex and Merionethshire* IN CAMP

PREPARING TO INVADE ENGLAND: The Scots Guards are now in camp with the 4th Infantry Brigade near Colchester, and on Monday of this week they began a series of manœuvres. Boats, each weighing 1,000 lb., were carried over a mile across Mersea Island and launched; a mimic attack afterwards being made on an opposing force stationed on the mainland. *Circle on right*—Officers and men resting during the "trek" across the island with their heavy craft

WITH THE GUNS IN NORTH WALES

A scene in the wild and rugged country near Trawsfynydd, Merionethshire, where two brigades of artillery are engaged in military exercises

BEHIND THE SCENES AT REGENT'S PARK: By W. Holt White

A Wonderful Season of Alfresco Entertainment Enters its Autumn Phase

IN THE GREEN ROOM OF THE OPEN AIR THEATRE: Looking towards the women's quarters. *Right*—The Green Room (Ssh—not so much noise, please) looking towards the men's quarters

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see.—AS YOU LIKE IT.

HITHER? WHERE'S HITHER? Hither is under the Greenwood Tree in Regent's Park, in that leafy place where once was the Botanic Gardens, now rechristened Inner Circle Gardens—a sorry name suggestive of rotatory subterraneanism on the Underground. A mistaken name, for here is set amid glades and lawns the Open Air Theatre now established in its second season. And here upon this green stage has been found all this glorious summer the Forest of Arden, Illyria, and that strange Mediterranean isle where Prospero, Duke of Milan till his enemies drove him forth, practised his magic. And you shall see? Ah! What shall you not see under the Greenwood Tree?—airy things, fairy things, bright in the sunlight; or at night weird things and ghostly things not of this world; and Ariel and Neptune and Ceres and the horrid Caliban; and other "such stuff as dreams are made on." As, for instance, the roseate Rosalind or the sweet plaintive Viola, the peerless Olivia, the love-lorn Orlando, the passion-racked Orsino; that polished jester, Touchstone—precursor of the Oxford manner—that honest old councillor, Gonzalo; and that redoubtable pair of dotard drunkards, Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek; the puritanical but moving Jaques—alas, by another than Sir Nigel.

ROBERT ATKINS, who has produced so many of the open-air plays, rehearses Caliban with John Drinkwater as Prospero

All the world of Shakespeare's stage. Or, to be more accurate, all the world of Shakespeare's lighter stage—those comedies of error and of love, all that much ado about nothing, through which he worked to his greater tragedies crammed with their dark passions and bloody murder. Here, in soft sunshine, or when the moon is up, one has watched the march of the Swan of Avon's mind. You can conceive how Viola bore Desdemona, and how the passionate poetry in Orsino grew into the grim jealousies of Othello: and it is clear how from the seasonable syllogisms of Touchstone and the immature but divine contempt of Jaques, was built the philosophic yet fantastic imaginings of the Melancholy Dane.

But under the Greenwood Tree in Regent's Park there has been no sadness, only that touch of jesting pathos which is merriment's proper foil.

It is as though Sydney Carroll—who has staged all this for us—had ranged himself with a mood of Rupert Brooke when Brooke wrote:

> But Tragedy is not for me;
> And I'm content to be gay.
> So whenever I spied a Tragic Lady,
> I went another way.

That is why, I think, Carroll cut Desdemona dead and introduced us to the rollicking Rosalind and the ravishing Olivia. And let's be grateful to him. But how did he do it, and to what purpose? Hard questions to answer. For no man would take Sydney Carroll, vast and bluff, and looming and booming, as a dreamer of dreams. When you study him, his bold blue eyes brooding watchfully across that great arena—which seats 3,000 persons—to the expanse of turfed stage, you think of him as a Master Builder. But back of the Master Builder is the plan of the Architect.

SOMEWHERE at the back of that shrewd business head lurks the dreamer. Only a man of feeling would order that a row of pop-eyed schoolgirls, perched precariously on the backs of their chairs on the very last row, should be taken down to the stalls. He was anxious that they should drink in *The Tempest* to its last briny drops.

How did he do it? How did he plant in London this super-show of the open air?

He was, it seems, strolling through what had been the Botanic Gardens when his roaming eye—ever alert for opportunity—alighted on this Dingley Dell of the Drama. Here was a natural amphitheatre. And at the farther side was a natural stage. Extraordinary. And trees. Carroll loves trees. Of that more directly.

Anyway, he was under the Greenwood Tree. Under Greenwood Tree! Shade of Shakespeare! Why not an open-air theatre for Shakespeare's plays? He put up the idea to His Majesty's Office of Works. His Majesty's Office of Works was unexpectedly interested and helpful. His initial experiment in 1932 was encouraging. He decided to go "all out" in 1933. "None of your silly pastoral plays with a lot of pottering amateurs," he said to me, "but a *show*." He turned away for a moment to "O.K." a complimentary ticket.

"Yes, a great show. No use thinking about how much it would cost if you had to put it over properly. You had to do it big. The best casts that I could find." He paused, and told an Elizabethan waitress to tidy up a couple of trays.

"Does it pay?" I asked him, putting it bluntly. He cocked a wary eye at me. "Depends upon the weather," he grunted, "and no one can depend on that." Well, he cannot grumble at the Clerk of the Weather. Then he was off at a tangent—at least, so it seemed. "The public does not realize," he said, "what marvellous trees there are in these gardens. I should like to organize parties, to go round with expert guides—botanists—and learn all about the trees before they come to my show."

What an idea. Excellent. But—mark you—*before the performance*. Now there spoke the super-showman. I stood looking after the retreating super-showman. Someone in the orchestra, I gathered, had dropped a beat.

And what a show this super-showman has given us week after week. I have been there so many times now that I can only think of it in incidents . . .

Anyway, here's the Interval, and let's behind the scenes—and here in the little hollow behind the stage is what you might call Buskers' Town. A long, low bungalow of striped and painted canvas. In the right wing are the men. In the left wing are the women. In the centre is a green-room like a sun loggia, couches, deck-chairs, and a wireless to the music of which people take a turn or two, or dancers practise their steps. Margaretta Scott pops her glistening tresses out of a doorway. John Drinkwater in a check dressing-gown roams with dignity, a tea-cup in his hand. Ion Swinley, too, is lapping something. All very sunny and pleasant, this interval which is all too short.

I RECALL one sunny afternoon in particular. *As You Like It* is over. The white-haired Master of the Greensward has made his apt little speech—a plea to Londoners to "come unto these yellow sands." But there's work to be done before the evening show.

And there in front of the auditorium is Robert Atkins putting them through their paces. He is instructing a priest in the art of opening his mouth. Everything seems to become strong and emphasized under his touch.

I asked him about this one night, when his hefty form was sweating beneath the padded and hairy hide of Caliban. "Yes," he said, "you've got to get a new technique here, or perhaps I should say throw back to an older one. You've got to open your mouth and be emphatic in your gestures—otherwise it won't get over. In a way, you've got to get back to the methods of the old actor-r. And because of the acoustics you must never show the audience this," he patted the back of his head. "On the other hand, you've got to forget the audience. You've got to say all you have to say to the microphones. They've been fitted with the greatest care. A whisper will carry to the farthest seat. Even here amongst the trees which are the wings of this theatre, there are 'mikes' fitted to pick up the pipe of Ariel as he runs here and there."

Right — LESLIE FRENCH made a wonderful Ariel in *The Tempest*, which was produced at Regent's Park a few weeks ago. *Drawn by Percy Home*

Screen and Stage

A POEM OF MOVEMENT: The Ballet Psyche which is an item of the Monday performances at the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre. The choreography is by the talented artiste, Nini Theilade

RURAL LIFE IN AMERICA: Jean Muir and William Janney in *As the Earth Turns*, a new Warner Brothers' picture which was well received when presented at the Regal last month

TÊTE-A-TÊTE TEA: Madeleine Carroll and her husband at their lovely country house near East Grinstead. Miss Carroll is to star with Clive Brooke in *The Dictator* and is also scheduled to appear in the Gaumont British film, *Mary, Queen of Scots*

THE LURE OF THE LILY POND: Madeleine Carroll with her two pets outside her old-world home in Sussex

Right—THE SCREEN VERSION OF A FAMOUS NOVEL: A scene from *The Scarlet Pimpernel* which Alexander Korda is now making for London Film Productions. Left to right—Merle Oberon as Lady Blakeney, Leslie Howard as Sir Percy Blakeney, and Melville Cooper as George Romney, the artist

HATS RISE to the NEW MODE

There was a debonair trimness about most of the clothes that were shown at the Paris collections, and here are three hats which have unerringly caught the very spirit of the mode

The first, large and shallow and laced with lighter thongs, is by Rose Descat, who makes it in a felt that has a lovely velvety surface. It turns up sharply at the back, and its colouring is interesting, for it shows a combination that is proving very popular and that has great piquancy. It is in a deep Bordeaux red, with a narrow gros-grain ribbon in marron

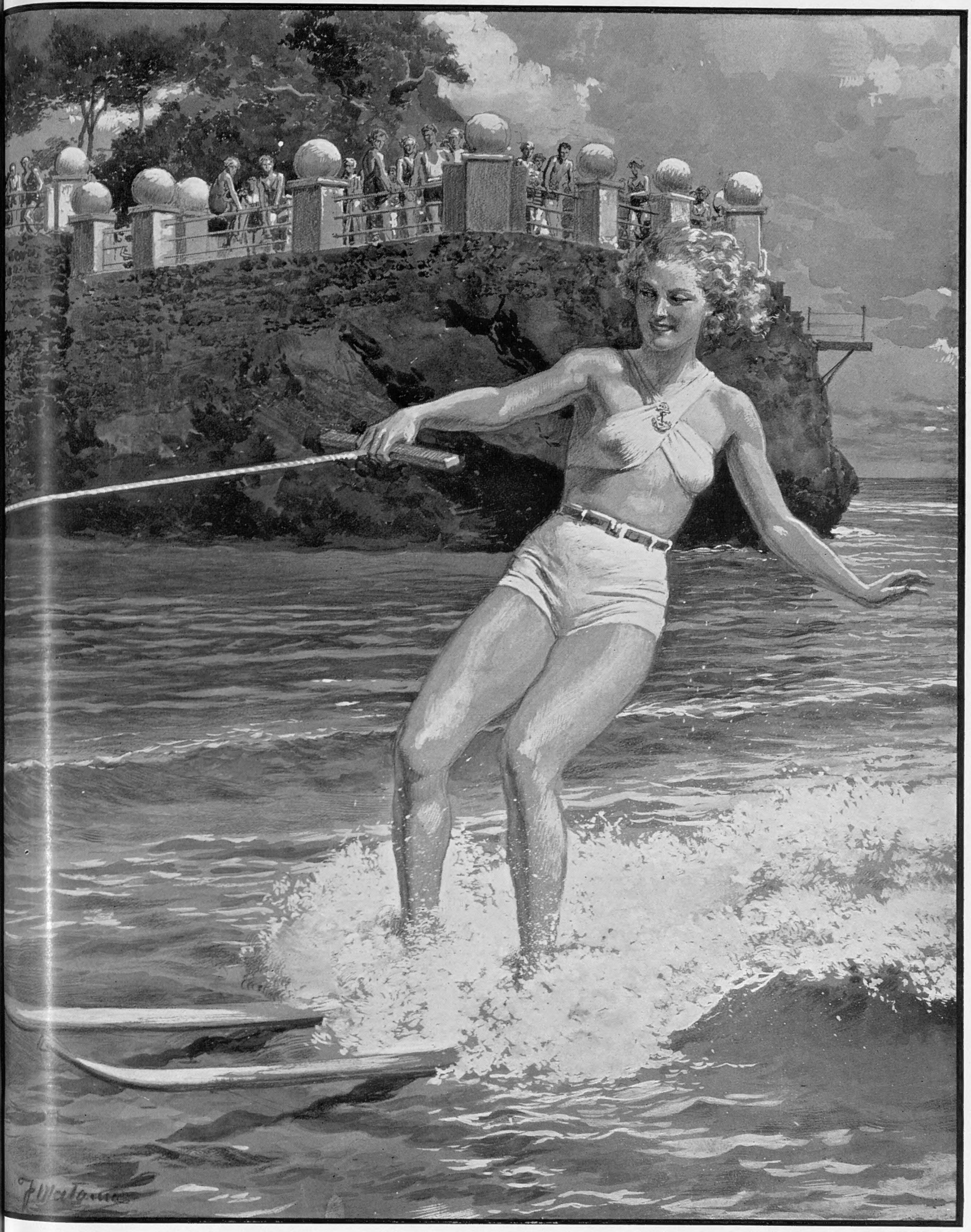
A high, dented crown prevents the second hat from looking too practical. Actually it sits well on the head, and the crown dips at the front and is pulled forward so that it harmonizes with the line of the brim. This model is by Maria Guy, and it is simply banded with a dark-toned ciré ribbon

Suzy makes the third cap, which is of deep blue felt, with a shaded quill thrust jauntily through the high peaked crown

The beret, the tricorne, the Russian cap, and the coachman's hat are all sponsored by Paris, and each is certain to attain some degree of popularity, for each complements the clothes that we shall wear during the coming months. The great thing will be, of course, to wear the right hat with the right coat or suit! Maria Guy did enormously tall droshky-driver hats with Marcel Rochas' clothes, which showed a pronounced Russian inspiration. Schiaparelli had fascinating little bonnets, rather like a Dutch girl's, without the ear-flaps. The brims formed a halo and disappeared just behind the ears. She did them in matching tweeds with suits, and with more formal dresses and coats she added alluring little veils. Some went beneath the chin, like a chin strap, and others followed the contours of the face and were curved beneath the eyes. Very Eastern in effect, and marvellously kind to the complexion and the eyes—but only, perhaps, for those whose chins are blessedly single!

A few toques, a few Napoleonic felts, some little feathered hats that look well with the 1914 line, some graceful plush models, and several variations of the shallow-crowned sailor are other popular candidates for millinery honours. Velvet, velour, real old-fashioned beaver—long haired and silky—hatter's plush, and very pliable felts are used extensively

Hats match in colour the coats with which they are worn, except when they are made in the fur with which the coat is trimmed. Quite often, for sports wear, they are made in the woollen fabric that is used for the neat tailored suit



Off the Point de la Vieille

The Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—a new production straight from New York—will be at the SUMMER SPORTING throughout the Season

MONTE CARLO BEACH

THE BUFFALO SAVED

(Continued from p. 322)

These went at the job of rounding up the 631 buffalo, and wild they truly were, for all their forefathers had been hand-raised at a Mission. That round-up, Pablo had at first estimated the work of a few months, broke all North American records. For four solid years some of the crew were occupied. The animals broke down corrals, they fought as not even the wildest Texas steer could do. And some of the grand old bulls never yielded. Block and tackle were brought into play to load the buffalo into box cars. Some of these old bulls fought so hard they broke their own necks rather than give way. But Pablo persisted, and the last trainload finally reached Elk Island Park. Here the buffalo were first let roam pending the completion of the larger Buffalo Park at Wainwright. This, containing 197 sq. miles, was finally ready in 1914.

And here the descendants of the nine calves, captured many miles apart, after a passage of 61 years, were joined together in a way that is truly passing strange. The total of the Pablo herd was 631, from Banff came 87, and from the Conrad herd Kalispell 30 more, a total of 748.

By 1922 the herd had increased so fast that the grazing area of the park was threatened. Then the Government committed what will always be considered in many circles a very unwise thing, particularly after the splendid gesture they had made in starting the herd. It was decided to kill off 1,800 head to make room.

But in the years 1923–24, wiser counsel at Government headquarters sought another method to deal with the surplus buffalo on the park range. The wild herd near the Great Slave Lake was remembered. Fortunately by this time a railway had pierced the northland as far as Waterways on the River Athabasca. From this point navigation on the Athabasca River and Lake and Slave Rivers beyond made it possible to ship the buffalo from Wainwright Park by train as far as Waterways. Here scows were built with special deck accommodation to house the buffalo. From the train the buffalo were run through chutes into corrals and then into the scows. Flat-bottomed steamers then towed them another 300 miles or so to the shores of the Slave River nearest to the wild buffalo range. Here they were again corralled and then liberated under the care of the rangers who saw to it they joined the wild herd.

Since the year 1925 a total of 6,673 have been transported to the far northern range. This fusing of two strains of blood will make for even better stock.

From figures already given it will be seen that the Pablo herd, numbering 631 when delivered to the Canadian Government in 1907-1911, resulted directly from four calves caught in Alberta in 1873. With this herd, however, were mingled at various dates a few head that came from the Alloway calves, five in number. So it will be seen that from nine calves, which began to reproduce themselves about 1875, there resulted by 1907 a total of 748.

From 1914 to 1934, a period of twenty years, the herd's total increase amounted to 24,411 or an increase of thirty-two times itself. Thus, with a breeding stock to-day of park-enclosed buffalo and wild ones numbering in all 17,781, allowing only half of these as vigorous mothers, Canada will have by 1954 the fine herd of 256,000 head. Sounds incredible, doesn't it?

Yes, the buffalo has "come back"; an incredible chance it was, yet the buffalo did it.

THE REINDEER INDUSTRY

(Continued from p. 323)

The Royal Commission found that Northern Canada offered unrivalled opportunities for reindeer grazing, and by an Order in Council of May 1, 1929, the Dominion Government authorized the Minister of the Interior to purchase 3,000 reindeer, for stocking the reserve, from Messrs. Lomen Bros., "reindeer kings" of Alaska.

The experiment was undertaken by the Dominion Government primarily with a view to providing a wider basis of subsistence to the Eskimos, and it is proposed to train the natives and make them responsible for the care of the herds, at least for a time. There is therefore considerable speculation as to the likelihood of the Eskimo—a hunter by instinct and training—developing into an efficient herdsman.

As to the economic aspect of the experiment, this movement of domestic reindeer to Canada is acclaimed as the most significant incident in the development of Canada's great North-West. Given expert care, reindeer double their numbers on an average every three years. They do this with almost mathematical certainty, and leave something to spare; their fecundity is indeed one of their outstanding characteristics. With Alaska experience to guide them, experts to-day are able to size up a range and determine its capacity (per animal, it takes about 10 acres of summer pasture and 20 to 30 acres of winter pasture).

This matter settled, and settled rightly, with expert management a reindeer range may be counted upon to support that number of reindeer indefinitely, because these northern pastures never suffer from drought as do the cattle ranges of Western Canada and the United States.

There are now lying idle, only awaiting the day, from 1,000,000 to 1,250,000 sq. miles of rich sub-Arctic pastures. How many reindeer will that carry? Those authorities are probably not far out, which state that Northern Canada can permanently support 20,000,000 reindeer.

Supposing this time has come. Canada has in this day 7,000,000 reindeer available each year for slaughter, yielding 1,000,000,000 lb. of dressed meat. The flavour of this meat is very like that of beef; reindeer steaks are served in the best hotels of the Western United States. Even at 10 cents per lb. that will yield a revenue of 100,000,000 dollars annually. The by-products will yield as much more. And it is just possible that by selection and breeding even these figures may be vastly increased, for the U.S. Biological Survey has been experimenting for years at crossing the domestic reindeer with the Woodland caribou, and the result is a hardier animal, yielding twice the weight of dressed meat.

One thing, and that's certain—it's a big thing! It's bound to be!

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This will take place from September 5 to 8, and is open to amateur members of a recognized golf club who will play by match play from scratch. Entries (with entrance fee, 1 guinea) must reach the Secretary, Burnham and Berrow Golf Club, Burnham, Somerset, not later than September 3. There will be other competitions on September 3 and 4, and competitors will be made temporary members of the club for the week.

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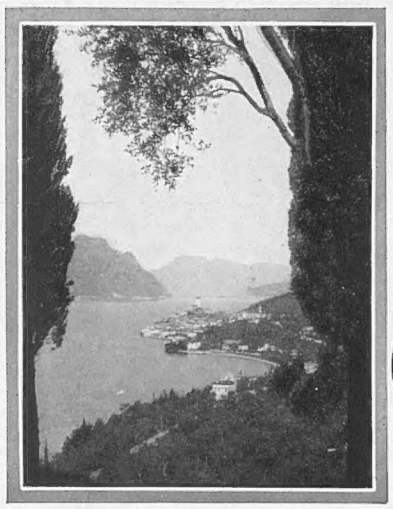

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Answers to Enquirers

P., Kent (Week-end cruises).—We think you must be referring to the week-end cruises to Belgium and Holland, which are run by the London and North Eastern Railway. The fare, including the rail fare to Harwich and back to London, is £3 12s. 6d. Passengers leave Liverpool Street Station, London, on Friday evening, arriving back there early on Monday morning.

E., Mer (Lake District).—Two good hotels with moderate charges at Ambleside are the Hotel Vale View and the Smallwood Private Hotel. If you are going on holiday alone, and would like young society, you might like to stay at one of the Lake District centres of the Holiday Fellowship, Ltd. This organization has large houses in most of the beauty districts of England, where its young members can spend extremely pleasant holidays. The charges are very moderate, though naturally one should not expect luxurious surroundings. You could obtain further details from the headquarters of the Holiday Fellowship, Ltd., Fellowship House, Great North Way, London, N.W.4.

C., Jersey (Malaga).—The winter climate of Malaga is ideal, exceptionally dry, warm, and sunny. The terral (a bitterly cold wind) occasionally blows, but never for very long periods. The town itself is situated on a plain surrounded by a semicircle of hills, and is well laid out. Two good hotels, both of which have a lift, are the Regina and the Caleta Palace. It is cheaper to travel to Malaga by sea, the return 1st class fare to Gibraltar by Orient Line being £18. From there by ferry to Algeciras and thence to Malaga by motor coach the return fare would be about £3. Travelling by train the return 1st class fare would be about £23 10s., which does not include sleepers or the price of meals whilst en route.

B., Northumberland (Italy).—You would find Stresa or Pallanza on Lake Maggiore, and Gardone Riviera on Lake Garda, very pleasant spots for a holiday at the end of September, with plenty of facilities for entertainment. If you wish to stay at a fairly quiet place, near a popular resort, we suggest Baveno which is about three miles north-west of Stresa, where you would find either the Bellevue Grand Hotel or the Hotel Simplon very good. Excursions by lake steamer can be made to the Borromean Islands, Santa Caterina del Sasso, and the various lake-side towns, while Lakes Lugano, Como, Varese, and Orta are easily accessible by road.

Hints for Travellers

A CRUISE UP THE AMAZON IN A BOOTH LINER.

A very interesting pleasure cruise is that arranged by the Booth Line, to leave Liverpool on October 9 and again on December 8, by the S.S. *Hilary*, of 11,000 tons, for the coast of Portugal, Madeira, and the Amazon. The time occupied is just over six weeks, and within that period one is able to visit the city of Oporto, with its famous wine lodges, its Cathedral and lofty bridge over the Douro; Lisbon, the historic and beautiful capital of Portugal, with lovely Cintra nearby; and the fascinating plage of Estoril; the delightful island of Madeira, with its gay gardens of flowers clustering about the mountain sides and its quaint methods of transport; and the mighty Amazon, the largest river in the world. The journey up the Amazon from Para to Manáos and back, a distance of 1,960 miles, occupies twelve days, and during this time travellers are enabled to see the fine city of Para, with its 300-year-old Cathedral, and its splendid park and zoological gardens, the Narrows—a 100-mile stretch of yellow water, where the channel is scarcely wider than the Thames at Maidenhead—and where you have an excellent opportunity of studying closely the magnificent scenery of the dense jungle which lines the river banks, strange flora and fauna, and quaint and curious scenes of river life. The Narrows left behind, next comes Monte Alegre, with a view of flat-topped mountains; then Santarem, where the Rio Tapajós joins the Amazon, and you see the bottle-green water of the former and the yellow of the latter flowing side by side. Eighty miles above Santarem lies Obidos on high cliffs, and then, passing Itacoatiara, you glide up the Rio Negro to Manáos, the jungle capital of the Amazon, and from there proceed by a small stern-wheeler and, later, small boats, to be paddled to the Taruma Falls and up the Solimoes to ponds and lagoons where the giant Victoria Regia lilies grow—a wonderful experience, and a revelation of the wonders of the Amazonian jungle with its flora and fauna the richest in the world.

WILDBAD.

Wildbad is pre-eminently known as a Spa, with good reason, for its unsurpassable medicinal springs are most effective in the treatment for rheumatism, gout, sciatica, and other nervous disorders. These springs have a heat of 93-99 F., and come straight out of the granite into the thermal baths without getting cooler or being artificially heated, so that the important substances and gases which give them their healing power cannot be lost. Wildbad however can also make a delightful holiday resort, for it is situated in a most romantic position in the lovely Enz valley of the Black Forest, 1,400 to 2,400 ft. above sea level. A funicular railway runs from the town to the Sommerberg table-land, from the summit of which extensive views can be obtained, and from where delightful walks extend in every direction. Longer excursions include those to Strasbourg, Baden-Baden, the Swabian Alb and Freudenstadt. Wildbad has long been popular with anglers for its good trout fishing in the River Enz, for this stretch of well-preserved and well-stocked water is maintained by the administration of Wildbad solely for the purpose of enabling trout fishers to indulge in their favourite sport.

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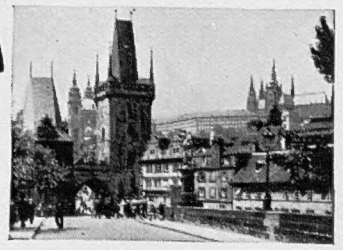

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The Coldstream Guards. Formed as Monck's Regiment 1650. Marched to London after notorious sojourn at Coldstream and helped to restore monarchy 1660. Known as "Coldstreamers." In 1661 laid down arms, then solemnly took them up again in allegiance to the King and as the Lord General's Regiment of Foot Guards. Motto: "Nulli Secundus."

"Nulli Secundus" might well be the motto of "Black & White," the Whisky of Royal Appointment.

The Coldstream Guards

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"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

Also in HALF BOTTLES and FLASKS

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